

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZE-LOAVES AT THE NATIONAL BAKERY.

EX-SENATORS AND EX-REPRESENTATIVES, IN FULL CHORUS, CRYING, "GIVE, GIVE!"

THE PRESIDENT (perplexed)—"I know you have lost your constituencies by trying, in Congress, to please me. If you had only passed the Force Bill, I could have better rewarded your services. I've given Vienna to Orth, Constantinople to Maynard, the Vicksburg Postmastership to Ex-Senator Pease, the Boston Pension Agency to Gooch—this office to one and that to another—until but a baker's dozen is left. It isn't enough to go round, and I can't work miracles."

EX-SENATOR F.—"If all the big prize-loaves are taken, then can't you let me have a \$1200 clerkship?"

FRANK LESLIE'S
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
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THE NEW HAMPSHIRE LESSON.

THE New Hampshire election gives a check to the sanguine hopes of the Opposition, which, if rightly accepted as a lesson of prudence, will prove of advantage to them. It is not by any means a great triumph for the Republicans, for the elections in New Hampshire are always very close, and victory frequently alternates. The elections in that mountainous little State are remarkable, too, as furnishing the results of very perfect party organization. A few years ago the two parties made each its carefully recorded calculations of its respective votes, on the eve of election, and election day proved that the estimates were marvelously close to the fact, only a bare hundred or two in doubt giving the victory to the one, by cutting down the anticipatory figures of the other.

New Hampshire is a curious State, divided between a preponderating agricultural class and a manufacturing population in the large towns, with small seafaring settlements along its narrow bit of seacoast. The fact of the general depression of manufacturing industries would perhaps diminish the Democratic vote, for that is largest in the centres of those industries; but we shall not attempt to belittle the absolute fact that the Republicans have made gains in New Hampshire, and that these gains are due, in part at least, to Democratic mismanagement since that party came into power in the State. We do not say that the Democrats there have failed of honesty, but they have of tact, as if they fancied that the tide that carried them into office must always run one way. The result of the State election will teach them a lesson which may prove of greater ultimate profit to them than a victory. The latter may have encouraged the party there to persevere in a course fraught with ultimate ruin to themselves, and serious damage to Democrats throughout the country. For though New Hampshire is a small State, and a New England State at that, yet the Democracy has not expected to make any great inroads on the prevailing Republicanism, it yet offered to the people of the country, through the last Democratic success there, an example of Democratic rule which would not fail to be closely scrutinized by that great class of doubtful voters, never so large as now, which makes the success or failure of any party in a national contest. The success of the Opposition depends in a peculiar degree on the impression they make on this class, chiefly made up at the present time of disgraced Republicans, or, at least, men who have voted the Republican ticket.

The Opposition, it must always be borne in mind, is the party which is seeking to impress the people with the conviction of the advantage of giving it power. To accomplish that object, it must not only avoid the defects of the Republicans, but wherever it secures control, also satisfactorily demonstrate its superiority over its rival by more prudent legislation, more unselfish regard for the public interests, and a wiser obedience to the best traditions of the American people. In fact, during the next two years it is a party on trial, and nothing but its own follies will prevent it from obtaining full favor in the country in 1876. It must bring forward only its best men, and men, too, who are in accord with the present tone of the people, not worn-out old warhorses who know only of the issues and battle-cries of a quarter of a century ago. The dissentient Republicans are a critical body, many of them men who have voted the party ticket so long that it is a trial to vote any other, and such men can be firmly fixed in the Opposition only by its pursuing a policy so just and prudent that their traditional objections will yield before the record. These dissatisfied Republicans include the very best and most popularly trusted men of the party, and some of the best men in the country, and it needs that the Opposition should prove its integrity of purpose by elevating to office its representatives of highest character, and men in truest sympathy with the present temper of the public mind, to finally compel these wavering, conscientious Republicans to throw the weight of their votes and influence on the side of our political regeneration.

The "tidal wave" of which we heard so much last Autumn has not receded, whatever Republican organs may say to the contrary in the flush of joy over their doubtful victory in New Hampshire. There is the same conviction throughout the country that there was then,

that we need new men and men of higher character to carry on our governmental affairs, if peace and prosperity are ever to come to the country. The sharp experience of the last few years has taught business men generally how intimate a connection there is between financial health and sound political administration. They have not forgotten the disgraceful Crédit Mobilier, or the pampered Jay Cooke, or the impudent Salary Grab. But they need to be convinced, by acts as well as words, that the success of the Opposition means more than the triumph of a few politicians—that it means the advent of a new and higher order of political morality, which is not concerned with the revival of old issues, but with the purer administration of State and Federal Governments, by which the prosperity of the country shall be secured, all sectional animosities healed, and true national spirit introduced.

But it must be remembered that this same tidal wave which swept the Opposition into power wrecked and engulfed some of the elements of the Administration party most obnoxious to the people, and on that account most damaging to that party. The country may gain by the political destruction of Butler, Chandler, Carpenter and that crew, and the terrible rebuke given to the third-term conspiracy, but may not the Republican Party also gain, if seeing that there is no hope for the immediate success of their ultra men and schemes, they take the hint, throw them overboard for the time, announce their conversion to sinner views, and, ignoring the third-term or square-renewing, as they finally dared to do in New Hampshire, seek to bring back to the fold the wandering sheep? These are devices of the enemy for which the Opposition must be prepared. We cannot say that they will be used; but that the shrewdest leaders of the party—the Blaines, Hawleys, Wilsons and Weeds—are meditating a plan of campaign something like the one we have indicated, there is no doubt. But it is easier to plan than to carry out the plan. It is by no means so certain that Butler is absolutely squelched, or that the Washington method of managing the party will not prevail after all.

We speak with great frankness on this question of the policy of the Opposition, because it may be that short-sighted views will struggle for the ascendancy, and by introducing discord imperil a success which it needs only wisdom and prudence to make certain. It is to the clearest, wisest, broadest, most conservative men of the great party of the Opposition that we must look for guidance, and not to those generous, it may be, but rash, advisers who are less likely to study the public temper than to keep their own. It is not a time for either party to try the people with experiments, or suggest radical remedies. The financial experiences since the great panic have made men conservative in politics as well as in business. They are afraid of too sweeping changes, and suspicious of novelties. The party that puts up the candidates of most approved character, and develops a purpose at the same time that it constructs a platform, that promises stability and relief from sectional controversies, will be the one that will win. Things in other directions than political have not looked well in the country for two or three years back, and as the renewed business prosperity which is now dawning so benignly comes from the curbing of extravagances and the moderation of speculative ventures, so the political prosperity which is happily coming also, will be brought about by like reserve from all excesses of partisan ambition and theoretical measures. Confidence is as necessary in politics as in business. We might as well expect Jay Cooke to succeed now in again flooding the country with Northern Pacific bonds as a party to draw voters by the political nostrums which the mass of the people rejected in disgust a decade ago.

THE PEOPLE AND THE BANKS.

ALMOST from the very origin of their Government, the people of the United States have been engaged in war with their banks, and there are now signs that the battles which were waged so fiercely thirty, forty and fifty years ago are about to be renewed. We have now, in addition to hundreds of private and State banks, upwards of two thousand "National" banks. We have, in short, more banks and more banking than we ever had before. A badly managed bank is about as pernicious a thing as a community can be cursed with. It gets in debt to the active business men of the vicinity for the deposits which they leave with it, and then it takes those deposits and puts them where it cannot get them back. This it accomplishes by lending its money on improper security, as, for example, to speculators who have bought at inflated prices, and are unable to sell at any price when once the bubble bursts.

There are few who will read this who have not experienced either the inconvenience of having borrowed money which they are unable to repay at the appointed time, or the misfortune of having lent money which they cannot get back at all. All collections of combinations of individuals are subject to the same vices and infirmities as the individuals themselves. A great bank, or the government of a great nation, is liable to the same disasters from an

unwise use of credit as a petty shopkeeper, or a good-natured day-laborer who cannot refuse to "oblige a friend." But the operations of banks in countries like England and the United States, where credit is widely extended, are inseparably connected with every root and branch of trade and production. When the banks suffer, everything else suffers.

The curse of our present system of banking is, that the banks, as well as the Government, have been permitted to issue promises to pay without being subjected to the obligation to redeem those promises by paying gold. Paper money has been made a cheap thing for the banks. It has been made a profitable thing for them to deposit United States bonds with the Treasury, and issue paper-money to the amount of nine-tenths the face value of the bonds. Inasmuch as this paper-money had cost them but little, and they have never been called on to pay any of it, they were tempted to lend it out on insufficient security, or lock it up in loans on real estate or railroad and manufacturing property. Since the panic, however, real estate and railroads and factories have not been good property to sell. Many of the holders of such property could not, if they sold at the current prices, realize enough to pay their debts, of which no small share are in many localities debts to banks. Meanwhile interest accumulates, prices of the land, houses, machinery, etc., grow worse and worse, the individuals circumstanced as we have described grow more and more insolvent, and the banks to which they are indebted get more inextricably entangled than ever. Finally, the bank itself is forced to suspend, the property goes at sheriff's sale for a mere song, and hundreds of people who have had nothing to do with the transaction suffer on account of the misdeeds of others, whose only fault perhaps has been too great haste to be rich.

Such in brief is the history of the great collapses in the banking system of the United States in 1819-20 and 1837-41. At the beginning of the year 1837 the banks of the United States had loaned money to the aggregate amount of \$525,000,000, and six years later the aggregate was only \$254,000,000. How was this great reduction brought about? Not by repayment, but by bankruptcy. The debtors of the banks failed, then the banks, and then the creditors of the banks. The partial destruction of the banking system was accompanied by a collapse of the industry of the country. Factories and furnaces were idle and trade was dull. The circulation of the banks was \$149,000,000 in 1837, and \$58,000,000 in 1843. The deposits were \$127,000,000 in 1837, and \$56,000,000 in 1843. Most of the difference between these sums was a direct loss to innocent parties.

The disease from which the country now suffers is precisely the same as that from which it suffered thirty-five years ago. There has been since the war an excess of speculation and an unwise extension of credit on the part of the banks. It does not appear, however, that the abuses have been as great as they were in the days of the old United States Bank. The loans of the banks are now double what they were in 1837, but the population has more than doubled. The only feature in which the comparison is not to the advantage of the present time is that of the taxes. In 1837 the people of this country were lightly taxed, while now, besides having to sustain the direct effect of the national and local taxes, we are cursed with coal and other monopolies and the worst tariff with which the country was ever afflicted. The people stand up nobly under these accumulated burdens, waiting patiently for better times. We cannot sincerely say that we see as yet any sure signs of improvement. Increasing taxes is not a measure which tends to inspire confidence. The programme which has evidently been marked out by the Administration for securing the electoral votes of the Southern States is still less reassuring, while the continued misgovernment of some of the most important of those States is very prejudicial to our material welfare. Where so many elements are involved, and so vast an aggregate of facts, many of them hidden from public view, come into play, it is mere guesswork to say anything about the future. Worse than we have yet seen may be in store for us, or recovery may already be in progress. If the latter supposition is correct, we shall owe no thanks to any doctor.

THE ICE-COFFIN.

THAT scientific pursuits do not necessarily kill human sympathy is manifest from the following eloquent and irrefutable denunciation, by a distinguished New York physician, of what he justly stigmatizes as a "most horrid modern abomination"—the ice-coffin:

The contrast between the love and affection shown towards the living, and the irreverence, not to say disrespect and disgust, evinced for the dead, is one of the strangest anomalies of our time and race. The child hangs heart-broken over the dying face of a beloved parent; the mother strains the scarcely breathing form of her lovely babe to her breast, almost rent with its tumultuous emotions; the parent herself, in almost indiscernible accents, gives her last words, her dying prayers, for the welfare of the fearful mourners that hang over her deathbed. In a moment how changed! The lack-lustre of the eye has lost

its flickering fire, the feeble voice has now uttered its last invocation, the battle of life is changed to the repose of death. So silently was the interchange made between time and eternity, that the departure was unnoticed, the arrival unheralded.

But note the change around. Even when the incertitude remains, when the fitful breath may yet return to momentarily galvanize with new life the pallid frame, a wonderful and most strange commotion is observable around. Friends but now, children but a moment ago, full of tenderest anxiety, and with quivering lips kissing the death-dews from off the marble brow, hurry from the room to wipe their tears and stifle their groans away from the bed of death.

And, lo! most wonderful of all! come a crowd of hirelings, to whom is committed that duty which should be the last show of affection the living may manifest for the dead. It is the hand of strangers that "makes decent the dead for burial."

More dreadful than all comes the doleful sexton with his most horrid of modern abominations—the ice-coffin. For while yet the hand of death uncertainly lingers around, the garments are ruthlessly stripped from the still warm frame, and the body is enveloped in ice, deserted by all, and if, perchance, life has not entirely departed, but has only put on its semblance, it is actually frozen till all possibility of a recovery is utterly precluded.

How different this from the tenderness of simpler times! The hands of pious, filial or parental affection then tended the dead with the same devotedness bestowed upon the living. The horrible scene of a cherished infant torn from the warm breast of a devoted mother, where it had been guarded with zealous care lest even the benignant breath of heaven might visit it too rudely, and consigned to such a horrible doom! It is hard to conceive of such a change as a few moments only have effected.

Painful as is this feeble picturing of scenes every day witnessed, one must be an actual observer to appreciate the reality, and be the parent or the child to fully appreciate its horrors.

If this were a necessity, we might submit in silence. If it were even desirable, we might not say a word here; but it is simply greed. It is so many more dollars wrung out of agonized affections. Who can contend when the heart is overflowing? Who—ay, even among the needy—can discuss the proprieties of the expense, when the bosom and its dearest affections are lacerated? What are the real facts in the case? They are simply these:

1st. Ice coffins are very rarely necessary, and then only in the extreme heats of Summer, when the corpse has to remain over two or three days before sepulture.

2d. The dead should never be placed upon ice while any life-color remains in the face, and assuredly not until the temperature of the body generally, and particularly in the axillae and groins, shall have come to the same thermometric degree as the atmosphere of the room generally.

The signs or evidences of decomposition as proclaimed by avaricious undertakers generally are utterly false. The discoloration upon the back and hips is but the subsidence of blood to the dependent portions, and the before-mentioned color is only its hue, showing like a "black and blue spot" under the skin. Actual putrefaction first appears, and is first noticeable, in the bowels or lungs, and this will not take place, even in the warmest weather, in less than forty-eight hours; while in Winter, the opening of a window is sufficient to "keep" the body for an indefinite period.

If anything is wanted as an antithesis to the picture above given, it is the propositions ever and again made through the press to prevent being buried alive, such as telegraph-wires fastened to the coffin, or the hands of the buried one, so that the least motion may give an alarm, and many of the same import. How far more certain is the ice-coffin; for, if one in a swoon be but frozen, all future precautions will be unnecessary. For our part, we will risk it after we are actually buried; but no ice-coffins!

THE POLITICAL DRAMA OF THE DAY.

THE uprising in arms of a great people driven by intolerable wrong to appeal to the stern arbitrament of war is a manifestation which always challenges the admiration of the world; but the concentration of all the good men of a nation in a pacific effort to throw off the yoke of political tyranny, though an event less tangible and dazzling to the senses, is a spectacle far more sublime and far worthier of commemoration. It is this grand drama which is now being acted by the people of the United States, who have assumed the noble task of redressing their innumerable wrongs and rehabilitating the fair fame of their country by a radical, and at the same time peaceful, revolution. A great party bearing a weight of responsibility heavier than ever rested on the shoulders of any party, but also trusted and strengthened as no other party was ever before trusted and strengthened, is on trial, if indeed it has not already been tried and convicted, and is now awaiting sentence.

The Republican Party has been permitted to assume, by successive steps, the control of the entire fortunes of the country. Its hand has

been visible in every section and its malign influence manifest in every interest, its undisguised aim, from the outset of its career, having been Centralization—an aim inimical to the theory of our institutions and fatal to the continuance of our prosperity. That its policy has brought us to the very brink of ruin is an appalling fact which can no longer be disguised or denied. The world—and, with all our self-sufficiency, we cannot help feeling that decent respect for the opinion of the world which the signers of the immortal Declaration of Independence professed—beholds with amazement the citizens of a country, blessed with such sources of wealth as no other land enjoys, with every variety of climate and soil, with inexhaustible supplies of every mineral, not cursed with over-population or dangerous neighbors, free from all the penury and peril which weigh down the States of the Old World, now struggling under an enormous burden of taxation, their commerce paralyzed, their local trade nearly annihilated, their currency fifteen per cent. below par, their treasury depleted, their public credit degraded if not lost. In contrast with this they see France, whose territorial extent is less than that of Texas, yet with a population as large as that of the entire United States, just emerging from a disastrous foreign war complicated with internal strife, flourishing in every branch of commerce and industry, with an overflowing treasury, gold at par and credit unlimited. The comparison is not a pleasant one for us. The consolation lies in the fact that the remedy for our evils, all of which are directly traceable to a system of misgovernment daily growing worse, lies in the hands of the people, who have assumed in earnest the task of overthrowing their incompetent rulers, and who have never yet failed when such work was to be done. It is true that the present incumbent of the White House, whose presence there we shall have to endure for two more weary years, has threatened the electors with violence, but even General Grant will be taught that

"There is a weapon firmer set
And surer than the bayonet."

Even his subservient tools dared not do his bidding by passing the infamous Force Bill.

We have been told that the uprising of last Autumn did not result in the triumph of a party; but it will not be denied that the vote was the voice of the people, and they who affect to regard it as a spasmodic and unmeaning utterance will discover their mistake too late. The more intelligent Republicans, rightfully regarding the recent State elections as a warning, imagined that their party could be saved by a sudden change of policy, and the renewal of solemn pledges of good conduct. But they failed to change front, and the American people, however generously credulous, will not now accept their promissory notes, being certain there are no assets to back them.

The truth is, that the Republican Party has deliberately violated every solemn pledge made to the American people. When their leaders professed to be warring for the Union, they were really fighting for their party, as they have shown by the use they have made of the victory achieved by Union men. Although the war should have ended with the surrender of Lee and the flight of Davis, practically they have prolonged it to the present day, and their worst crime is that they have thus dishonored our gallant dead. Was it to obtain the power for a party to oppress the vanquished that our noble sons sacrificed their lives on hundreds of battlefields? Did a single Republican orator indicate such a purpose when he was calling for volunteers? Did General Grant in the flush of victory proclaim to his humbled foe that henceforth the South should be another Poland? No; his language was that of a generous soldier, and it was as much for the nobility of his sentiments as for the brightness of his laurels that the American people elevated him to the Presidency. It is because he and his party have been false to their pledges and traitors to the cause of civil liberty that the American people are now preparing to hurl them both from power.

GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK

ENDING MARCH 13, 1875.

Monday.....114½ @ 115	Thursday.....115 @ 115½
Tuesday.....115 @ 115½	Friday.....115½ @ 115½
Wednesday.....115 @ 115½	Saturday.....115½ @ 115½

EDITORIAL NOTES.

MR. DAVID A. WELLS'S "cremation theory of resurrection" has been illustrated at Washington by the officially authorized burning of more than a million's worth of greenbacks. The country may be so much the richer for this, if we are not individually.

DAYAMUND SARASWATI, a learned pundit of Benares, has caused great excitement among the Hindoos of Bombay, by lectures in which he attacked idolatry, claiming that it has no sanction in the Vedas, denounced many Brahminical customs, and declared the spirituality of God.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED announced the settlement of the troubles between the two Kings of Siam several days before a London telegram with the same news was published, last week, in the New York daily journals. This fact is an additional exemplification of the complimentary statement of the Milwaukee Sentinel, that our journal "is a newspaper as well as a pictorial."

"OFF THE STAGE" is the title of an original comedieta, in one act, written by Sydney Rosenfeld, dedicated to Henry Leslie, Esq., and published by R. M. De Witt. Ingenious in plot, lively in dialogue, it has proved to be what it was meant for—a good acting play. The minute directions which preface it will be useful to amateur players.

THE COLLAPSE of what Thurlow Weed calls "a very plausible, and, for the time-being, a very popular experiment," was made complete by President Grant's announcing to his Cabinet the abandonment of the Civil Service Reform, and directing that instructions in accordance with this determination be transmitted to the Civil Service Boards, etc.

MRS. ANNA DICKINSON'S recent lecture on "The Social Evil" relieves neither of the sexes from the responsibility which should be shared by both for its deplorable origin and consequences. Hitherto society has leniently condoned the crime of man while mercilessly punishing woman. Henceforth, tempter and temptress alike must justly incur equal penalties for equal guilt.

BRIGHAM YOUNG has been sentenced to one day's imprisonment for contempt of Court in neglecting to pay the alimony and other moneys due to his wife, "Ann Eliza." If all his wives were to revolt against his authority and establish similar claims to those of Ann Eliza, the prophet, at the rate of a day's imprisonment in each case, would have to be a prisoner for a week of Sundays every year.

THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION at Philadelphia has not led the Budget Committee of the Austrian Reichsrath to recommend a special appropriation for it. In fact, that Committee has refused such a recommendation—which occasioned the happily unfounded rumor of the resignation of Baron von Schwartz-Senborn, the Austrian Minister at Washington, who is also Austrian Commissioner to the Centennial.

MR. GILMAN'S BILL before the Virginia Legislature is ingeniously constructed with a view to evade some of the inconvenient consequences of the passage of the Civil Rights Bill by the Forty-third Congress. But time and common sense will ultimately settle more effectively than any legislative enactment questions which social habits and public opinion decide in all communities independently of dead-letter laws.

THE OPINIONS of Mr. R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, on the financial questions of the day, as published in the Herald, March 8th, however much dissent they may provoke in certain quarters, claim careful study everywhere. What this able statesman, trained in the soundest democratic school, has to say about the destruction of the State banks by Federal legislation as a great impediment to Southern prosperity, is of specially grave importance.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY, according to a suggestion of the Herald, might be more wisely observed by our Irish fellow-citizens if they would devote to some charitable purpose the hundred and fifty thousand dollars which its celebration, with a parade, costs every year in New York city. But the average Irishman clings to his traditional St. Patrick's Day parade as a visible confession of his faith that some day "Ireland will be a nation once again."

REPRESENTATIVE LAMAR'S address at Nashua, on the eve of the gubernatorial and Congressional election in New Hampshire, was in such excellent temper, and was so calm a statement of the Southern view of the condition of the South, as to merit the attention which it commanded from an audience composed of both Republicans and Democrats. Mr. Lamar has already entitled himself to the respectful consideration of the Northern people by his manly and eloquent tribute to the memory of the late Charles Sumner.

"THE RADICAL GOSSIPS," says the Evening Express, "are all the time believing the relations between the Governor and the Mayor, and between the Mayor and John Kelly, and between the Mayor and Mr. Wales, of the Department of Parks. All these stories are, in polite phrase, inventions of the enemy, or, in plainer Saxon, lies. The Governor is a slow and cautious man, and the Mayor is quick and more decided. Except in regard to Comptroller Green, they are very likely to agree in their conclusions."

MRS. PRISCILLA COOPER GOODWYN, a granddaughter, on her father's side, of the late ex-President Tyler, and, on her mother's, of Thomas Cooper, the celebrated tragedian—the contemporary of Kean, Kemble and the elder Booth—successfully made her first appearance, as a recitationist, before a New York audience on Thursday evening, March 11th, at Association Hall. The gifts which this lady inherits have been carefully cultivated, and her friends confidently predict that she will win the distinction due only to excellence in her chosen art.

DREADING ANOTHER SCOURGE of fever, Mayor Wiltz of New Orleans is adopting every means at his command to put the city in such a condition that, should Jack come, he would be "soon starved out." His latest step is to secure the planting of a great number of the eucalyptus or fever-tree of Australia. Hygienists are much divided in their opinion of the efficacy of this tree, and have watched the effects of its introduction into San Francisco. In New Orleans, however, where a siege of fever is expected as regularly as the Mardi Gras festival, there are opportunities far superior for deciding whether the tree can exert the wonderful influence that is claimed for it.

MONCURE D. CONWAY, a prolific American writer who has won, during his long sojourn in London, an enviable position among the foremost thinkers of the day, will soon return to this country in order to lecture on "England," "Oriental Religions" and the "Devil." England, at least in some of its phases, Mr. Conway has studied thoroughly. Oriental religions he has read a good deal about, but chiefly, we suspect, at second-hand, like many other transcendentalists who have never visited the remote East, nor read its sacred books in the languages in which they were originally written.

As for his last theme, Mr. Conway's reported views of the personality of His Satanic Majesty do not favor the idea that he is any better acquainted with the Devil than Dr. Martin Luther became at the memorable interview when the great Reformer flung his ink-stand at the apparition of mankind's arch-enemy.

PROFESSOR D. W. YANDELL in his recent faculty valedictory address at the commencement of the Medical Department of Louisville University, discoursed of inhumation and the advantages of cremation, ancient and modern. He concluded by telling the new-fledged doctors that if they discharged faithfully the tender offices of their chosen profession and fulfilled unselfishly all its lofty obligations, it will be but a small matter whether their ashes shall be gathered in costly urns or whether their bodies lie beneath the rock-ribbed hills or be hidden in the caverns of the sea. "Doing well your duty, you need give no thought to the rest." True for all, as well as for the doctors.

THE SITUATION in New Hampshire is thus metaphorically and correctly summed up by the Evening Express: "Old Ben Wade of Ohio said that his party was caught last Autumn 'on the down grade.' Tuesday night (9th inst.) it was declared by the Republicans that the political locomotive had been reversed in New Hampshire, and that the party was leading the other way, but Wednesday's returns changed all this. The best that can truthfully be said on either side is, that the two parties are almost upon a level grade, with a double track, and each train and engineer about neck and neck. There is no election for Governor by the people, the Legislature is probably Republican, with a tie vote in the Senate. The State Council, which controls appointments, is Democratic, and the Democrats will have two of the three members in Congress, where they had but one in the Forty-third. In all this, there is not much of an up-grade for the Republicans. Besides, Grant and his third term had to be thrown out of the Republican cars altogether, in order to secure the little success achieved."

HON. JOSEPH S. ROPES has been giving practical talks about our present currency and the means which should be used to bring about a return to specie payments. He claims that \$400,000,000 of currency is all that is needed for the transaction of legitimate business, and that as but \$150,000,000 is absorbed by the people, we have \$250,000,000 now in use to do the work of \$400,000,000. The banks are now obliged to deposit ample securities for their notes, and our banking system at this day wants nothing but the life-blood of real money to make it the best in the world. We can never have any certainty, any safety, any real healthiness in commerce and business, without specie payments, and this must be effected by that great bugbear, contraction. It has got to be done gradually. The liabilities of the Government must be slowly reduced until they can be met in coin. The law just passed by Congress to resume four years hence, is defective and would cause a great financial revolution. It is like a man who has walked to the top of a high hill and wants to get down the other side; it is very easy to fall and roll down, but the better way is to keep on one's legs and walk down.

A MASS MEETING of WORKINGMEN in the large hall of the Cooper Union, on the evening of March 10th, protested against the passage of the Conspiracy Bill now pending before the Legislature of New York. Several of the speakers were more vituperative than logical in their denunciations of capital. One speaker, Mr. Blissert, reminded us of Orator Puff and his two voices, by declaring almost in the same breath, "I am not a revolutionist, I want peace," and, "If the ballot is not enough to protect us against the unholly demands of capital, we must use bullets." But his claim of "fair wages for a fair day's work," everybody must admit, is just. And Mr. Morrell, chairman of the meeting, hit the nail on the head when, after saying "The working men of the State are numerous and conservative," he added, "This Bill attacks not only them, but society." The real interests of society require that labor and capital should be in harmony. Moreover, another speaker, Mr. Mackin, was fully justified in remembering indignantly that "Members of our unions have been driven from a public square without law," and in calling upon his brother-workmen to "stand on the broad basis of the American Constitution" while maintaining their rights.

MISS LINDA GILBERT.—The work which has been done by Miss Linda Gilbert in forming prison libraries and procuring a fund for the relief of the more unfortunate prisoners, is already well-known to most of our readers. To this work she has sacrificed not only her whole time, but a large proportion of her private means. It is this which has induced a number of our most prominent citizens—amongst whom we are gratified to learn that the names of our present Governor and the Mayor of New York are counted—to propose organizing the grand testimonial concert to which we alluded last week. The object is not to reimburse her for her past labors, but to enable her to continue them. They have already done so much good, that these gentlemen feel it desirable she should no longer be embarrassed by the inability of persevering. With this view, we understand that the Hippodrome, which was tested one day last week and found perfectly available for every description of music, has been secured, while the management is already busy in procuring the largest and best choral and instrumental support possible. The names of individual vocalists are not yet mentioned, but little doubt can exist that they will be in every way worthy of the object proposed, as well as of Miss Gilbert's self-sacrificing and untiring labors.

AN AMERICAN CARDINAL.—The Pope in naming a native of this country as one of the new Cardinals, pays a graceful compliment to the United States that will be generally felt. Archbishop McCloskey will—so far as the current of American life and politics is concerned—be simply in the eye of our law the citizen; the courteous, polished, learned and eloquent divine, who has for years directed the affairs of his Church in a manner to command the respect of all. Even for those Americans who are strangers to the organization in which he holds so high a rank, it is a gratification to feel that in the future Senate of that vast and venerable body, the Catholic Church, an American will have a voice and a part, and, as the Vatican Council showed, a voice and a part which will be exercised with the frankness and freedom of a son of the great Republic. What the Catholic Church is in English-speaking lands will be seen by the fact that there will be hereafter three Cardinals of the English tongue, and among them Cardinal McCloskey will rank as not an unworthy type of the American clergyman by the side of Manning and Cullen. The appointment will be, of course, a great gratification to the six millions of our population whose sympathies link them to Rome, but it is to all an event worth more than a passing notice, one in which all can feel that America has received at the hands of the Pope a compliment due to its free institutions, its moral greatness and wonderful spirit of active enterprise.

THE DEATH of SIR ARTHUR HELPS is a greater loss than many of the writers of eulogistic obituary notices of him seem to suppose. Merely literary people are apt, according to De Quincey, to be the least intellectual with whom one meets. But the author of "Friends in Council," the most widely-known of Sir Arthur's numerous works, was a thoughtful, as well as an accomplished, writer. It is not sufficiently remembered that in the art of writing, no less than in another elegant art, knowing how to practice it is indispensable. "Those move easiest who have learned to dance," and those write best who have learned to write. The style of Sir Arthur Helps has been called Addisonian, but this is "damning him with faint praise." To downright English common sense he united the advantages of not only a thorough classical education, but also of an exceptional familiarity with the modern languages and literatures of Continental Europe, and, moreover, of broad and liberal human sympathies. He had the rare faculty—in which some French writers excel most English writers—of handling the weightiest topics with such skill that the reader is tempted to forget the strength of the writer in admiring his dexterity. He could take up the most important subject almost before you knew he had laid hold of it. He would whirl it about so that all its phases were rapidly exhibited. He would toss it in the air, catching it neatly, and then laying it aside, as if he had performed no extraordinary feat. When he attacked, his weapon was no sledge-hammer, indeed, but a keen-edged and finely-tempered Damascus blade, which could decapitate before the victim was scarcely conscious of the blow. His pages admirably illustrate Shonstone's definition of a really fine style—"the result of spontaneous thought and elaborate expression." In his hands the club of Hercules, although wreathed with flowers, would have been wielded with equal ease and force. Sir Arthur Helps, at the time of his death, was Secretary to the Privy Council in England.

WASHINGTON (writes our special correspondent) is in the sere and yellow leaf. Congressmen have departed, and the halls of the Capitol are comparatively deserted. No longer does Willard's echo to the voice of the politician, and the gloom of Lent is over us all. But very little interest attaches to the Senate which is still in session. The most prominent Senator is now Andrew Johnson, who comes with a time-honored record from Tennessee. "Andy," as his friends love to call him, has assumed an independent position. We heard from his own lips that he would be the slave of no party, and when we suggested that he had now an excellent opportunity of retaliating upon his enemies, he replied, "A good woodman hews away at the log, not caring where the chips may fall." The primary object of importance with the old lion is his duty to his country, which he will perform gallantly, irrespective of party. The irrepressible Pinchback is still occupying the time of the Senate, and is to be seen frequently on Pennsylvania Avenue, looking *Nigroque similitima cygno*. He expressed his pleasure to us at seeing his portrait faithfully executed in our paper, and thanked us for giving him a fair biography. Pinchback is the thin end of the wedge, Colored statesmen will be sent up to Washington, and our legislators will have a practical exemplification of Civil Rights, which we hope they will find to their liking, in the near future. At the first reports the Republicans went wild with delight over New Hampshire, but they have simmered down since, and roar more like sucking-doves than the rampant lions they were when they thought they had made a clean sweep of the Granite State. Grant is looking well, drives about with Mrs. Sartoris, and seems to take everything in his usual cool Cæsarean way. We have one gleam of sunshine on the political horizon. Sunset Cox, from New York, is still here. He beamed upon us at the Capitol, and tripped airily through the Legislative chamber he is wont to make ring with the laughter of his hearers. What Bernal Osborne is to the English Parliament, Cox is to Congress, and he can do more good, at times, by a few humorous sentences than others can effect by lengthy and elaborate orations. And now for a little anecdote about lobbyists and wirepullers. We were in the Capitol with Colonel Cornwell of New York, and met Senator Thurman from Ohio. "Good-day, Senator," said the Colonel. "I remember your face," replied Thurman; "but forget your name. Let me see! Oh! yes. I recollect now—you were 'on sugar.'" And he strolled on. The Colonel, two years ago, was engaged in manipulating the sugar tariff, and it was in this connection that the Senator called him to mind. That fragment of unfinished obelisk, which is to be a national monument to the father of his country, is still an eyesore. If it is not to be finished, why not pull it down and mend the roads with it? This would improve the condition of the Mail. People here say that the Democrats will complete it when they come in. If the Democrats are to repair all the blunders of the party in power, and supply all their shortcomings, they will have enough to do.

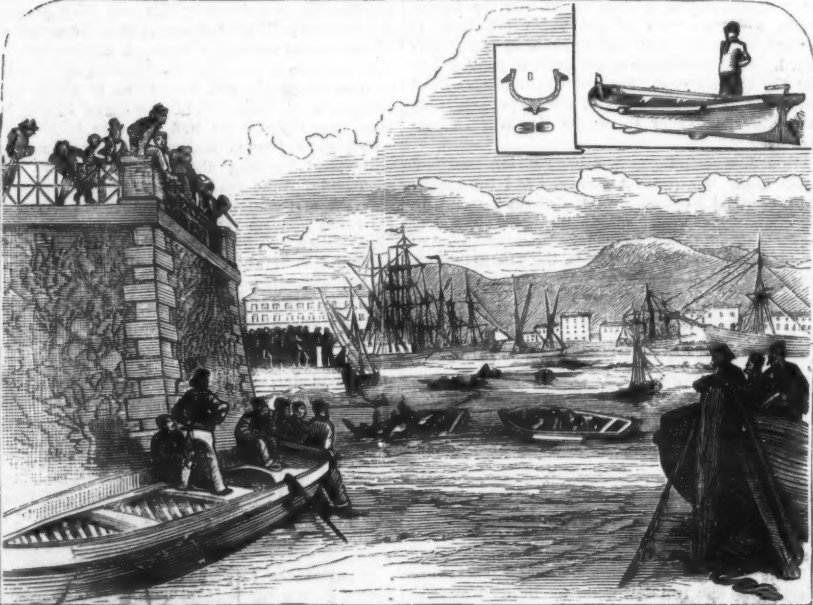
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 39.



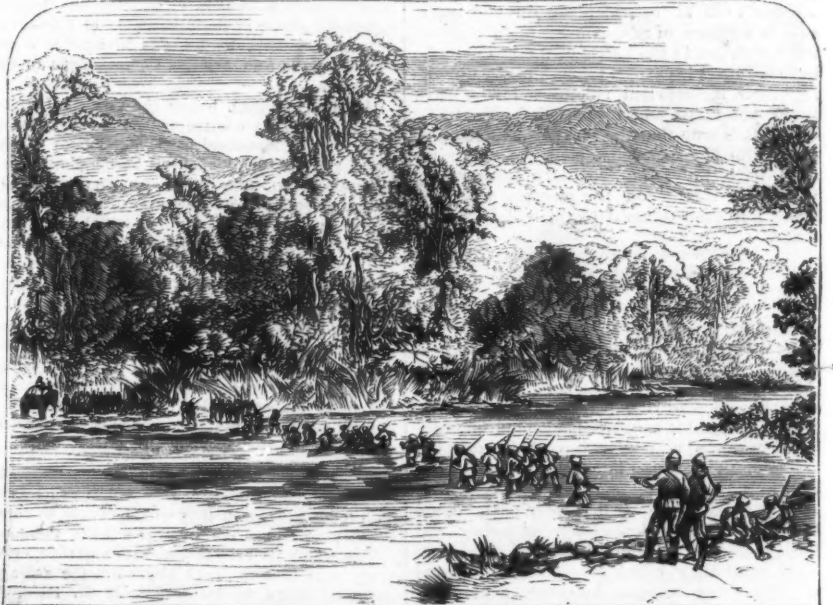
ENGLAND.—CO-OPERATION—SCENE AT THE CIVIL SERVICE STORES, IN THE HAYMARKET, LONDON.



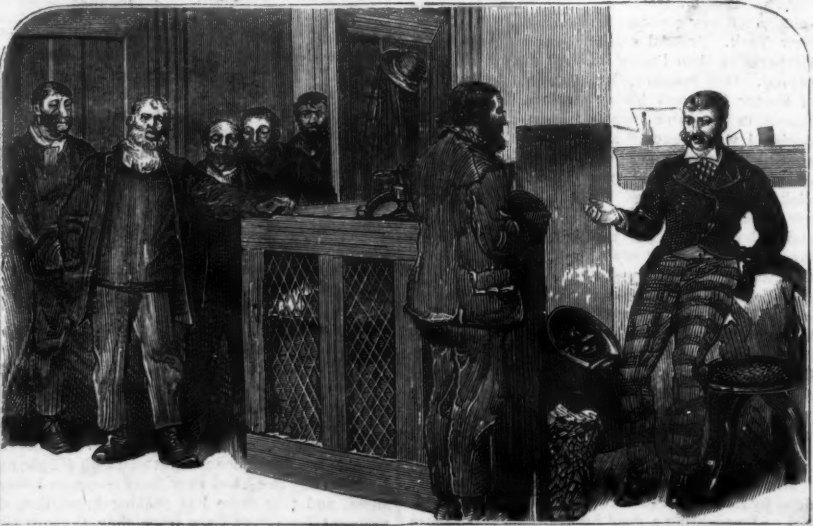
WESTERN AFRICA.—A YOLOF PIROGUE IN THE BAY OF DAKAR.



FRANCE.—TRIAL OF CAPTAIN RAMAKER'S NON-CAPSIZABLE BOAT AT NICE.



BRITISH INDIA.—THE DUFFLA EXPEDITION—ADVANCED GUARD OF SAPPERS AND FORTY-FOURTH NATIVE INFANTRY CROSSING THE DIKRUNG RIVER.



SOUTH WALES.—THE LOCK-OUT—SETTLING ACCOUNTS AND GRANTING LEAVE TO PICK COAL ON THE "TIPS."



ENGLAND.—THE CABMEN'S SHELTER, ACACIA ROAD, ST. JOHN'S WOOD, LONDON.



FRANCE.—PAUL DE CASSAGNAC, CHIEF EDITOR OF "LE PAYS."



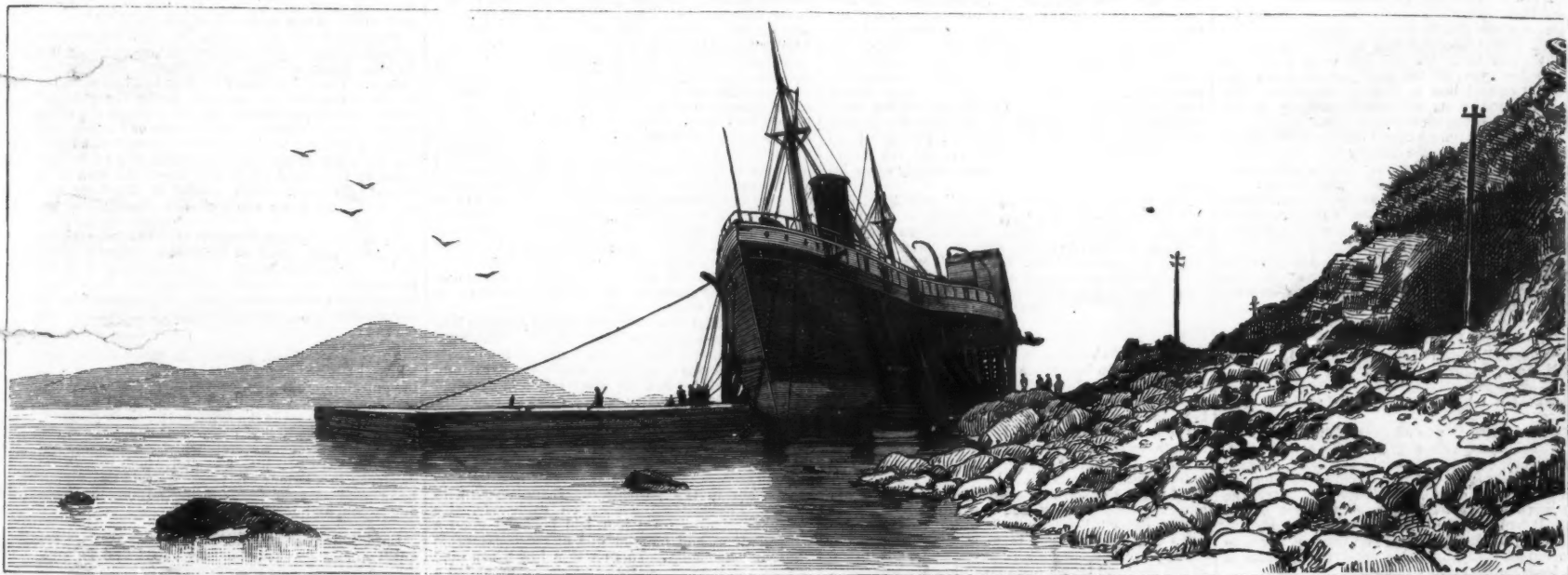
SCOTLAND.—THEATRE ROYAL, AT EDINBURGH, DESTROYED BY FIRE, FEBRUARY 6TH.



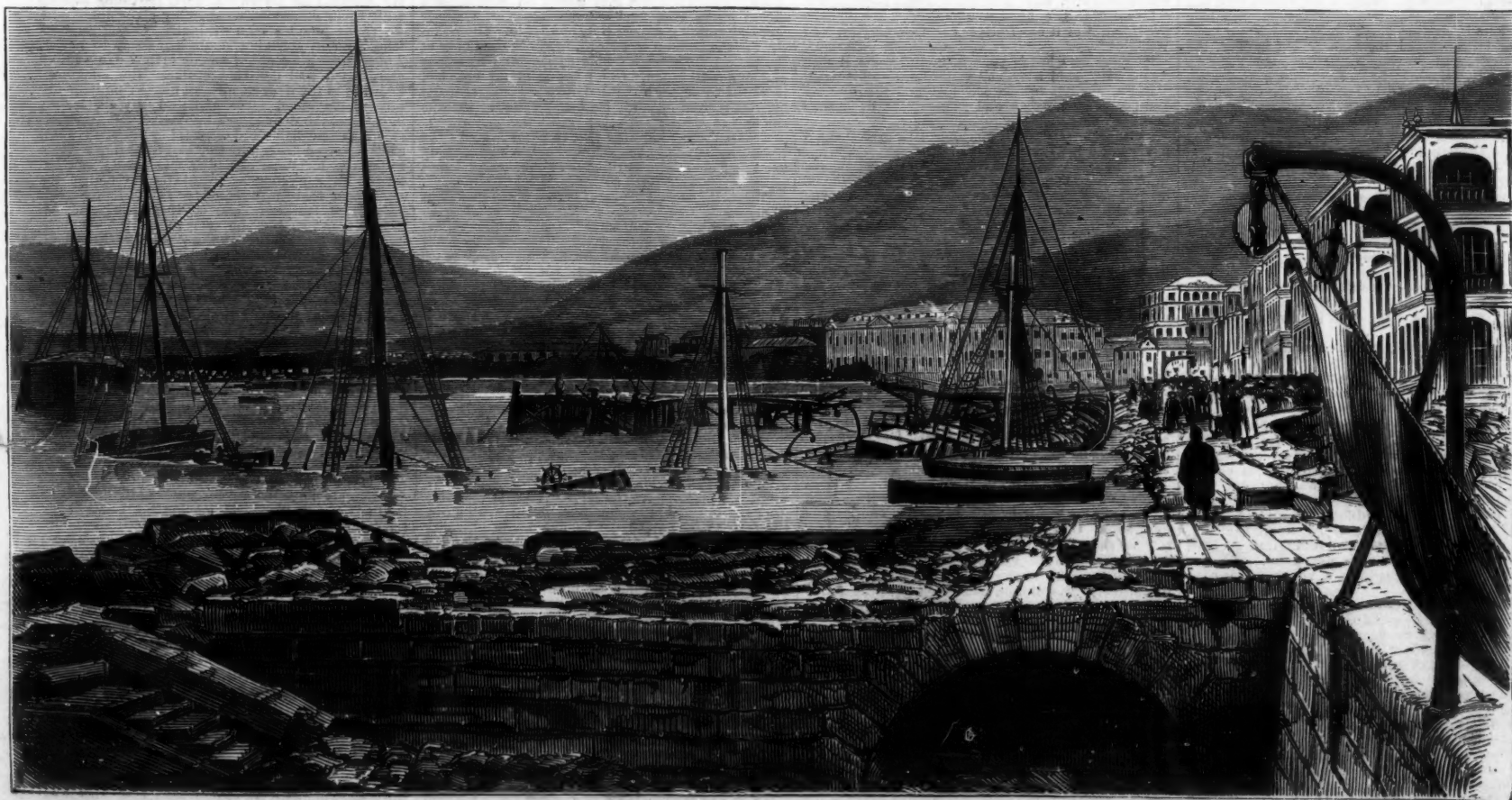
FRANCE.—GENERAL DE WIMPFEN, EX-COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY OF SEDAN.



THE VILLAGE OF YOW-MAH-TEE AFTER THE TYPHOON.



THE "ALASKA," OF THE PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY, ASHORE AT ABERDEEN, SIX MILES FROM HONG KONG.



THE SPANISH STEAMERS "ALBAY" AND "LEONOR," SUNK DURING THE TYPHOON, ON THE NIGHT OF SEPTEMBER 22D, 1874, IN THE HARBOR OF HONG KONG.

CHINA.—THE TERRIBLE TYPHOON OF SEPTEMBER, 1874.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY AFONG.—SEE PAGE 39.

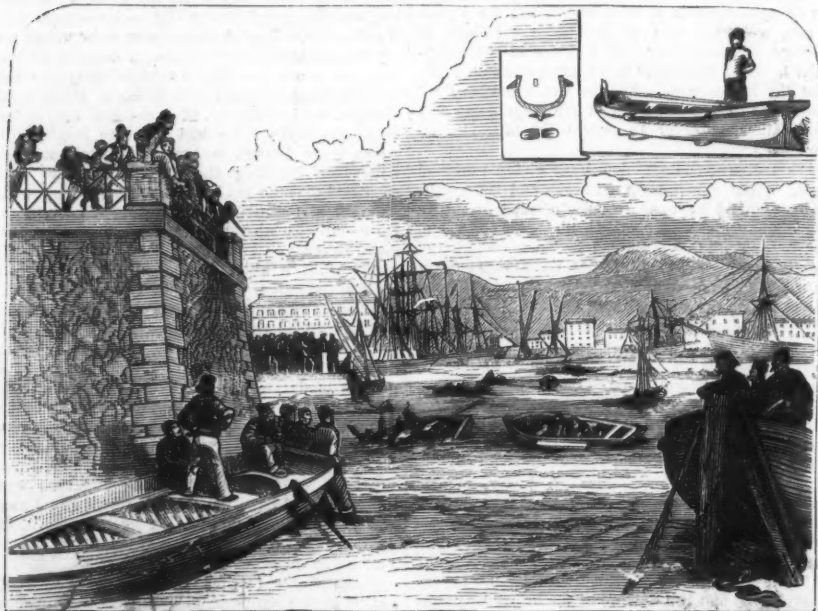
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 39.



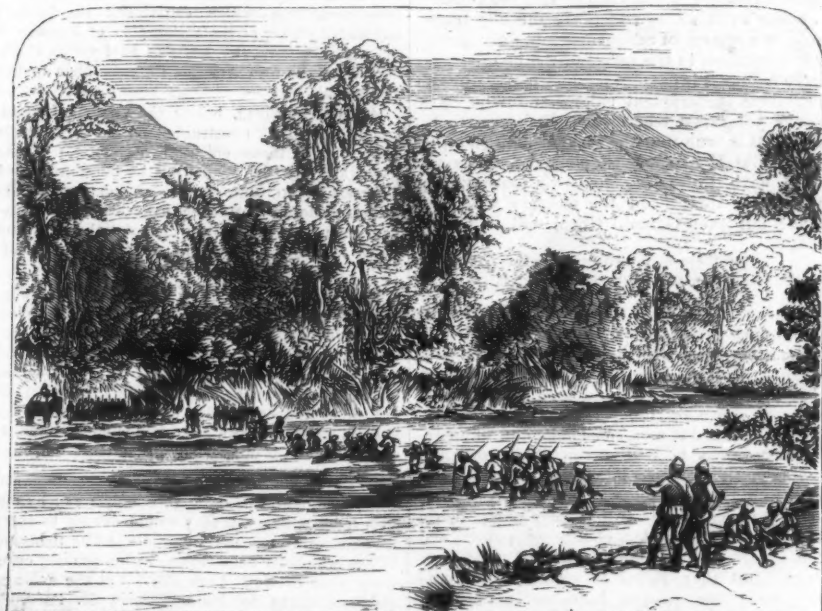
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BRITISH INDIA.—THE DUFFLA EXPEDITION.—ADVANCED GUARD OF SAPPERS AND FORTY-FOURTH NATIVE INFANTRY CROSSING THE DIKBUNG RIVER.



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FRANCE.—PAUL DE CASSAGNAC, CHIEF EDITOR OF "LE PAYS."



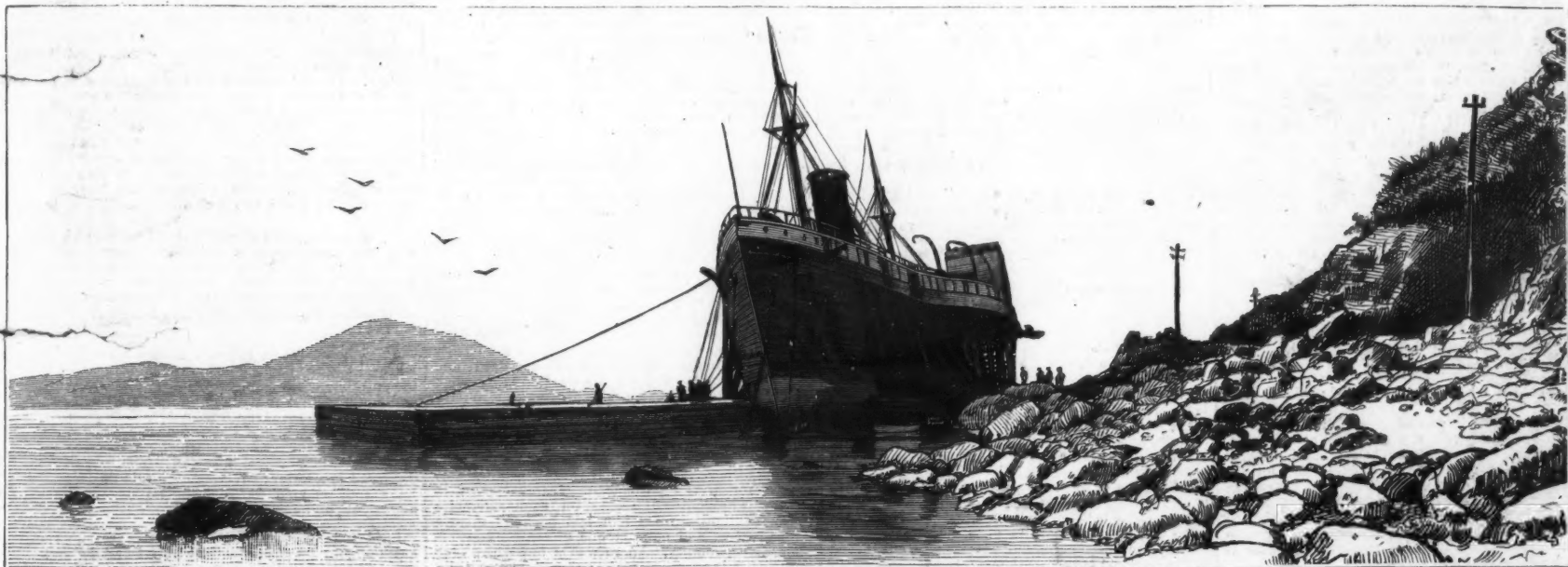
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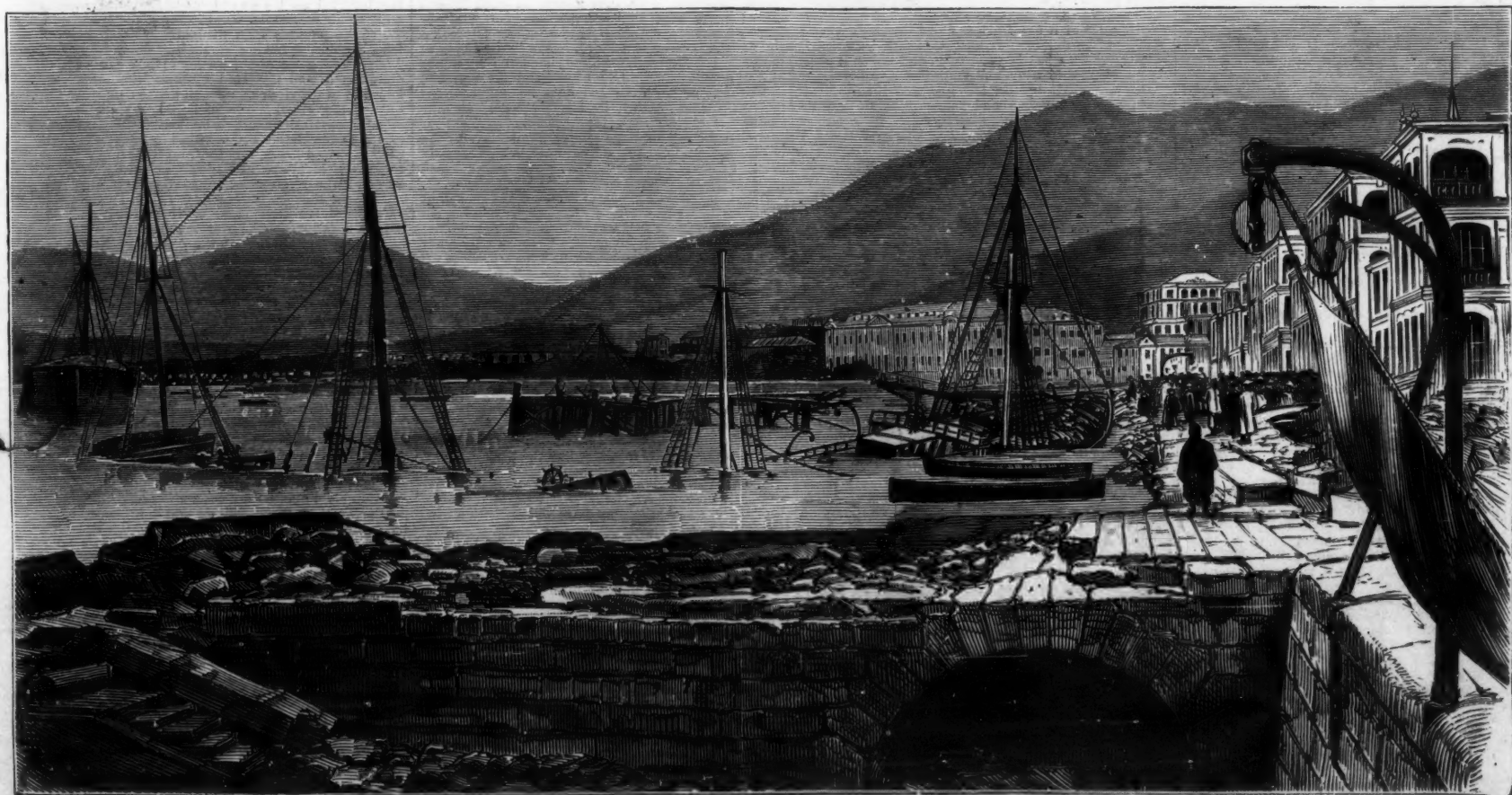
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WATCHING AND WAITING.

BY
SIEBERT WYNN.

WHEN will the new day break?
Long has the night held sway,
Yet for the dear one's sake
Still will I watch and pray.
Long have I waited now—
When will the end draw nigh?
Dark is my soul till thou,
Light of my life, art by.
Why dost thou linger yet
In that far sunny clime
That lures thee to forget
The heart that clings to thine?
Have the soft Southern airs
Lulled thee to listless dreams,
In which thine earthly cares
Come but in fitful gleams?
Is there no thought of me
Steals o'er thee in these hours
Of glowing phantasy
Amidst the jasmine bowers?
Has my life drifted now
From thine so far away
That memories of thy vow
No longer with thee stay?
Or doth a dreamless sleep
Upon thine eyelids press
Now, even while I weep
Thy seeming faithfulness?
Do cooling breezes blow
From some palm-shadowed stream,
And crimson sunsets glow,
By these unmet, unseen?
Do soft, sweet, and bright,
Unheeded, round thee wave,
And all the starry night
Shine down upon thy grave?
Then are my prayers too late!
The voiceless dead I mourn;
My weary heart must wait
Till the Eternal Dawn!

MISS MELTON'S CODICIL.

MISS REBECCA MELTON, a valetudinarian of sixty, lay dying at her house in town. She had held so tenacious a grip upon life that it was difficult for the two young people to realize the end was so near. These two young people were Gerald Melton, her nephew, and Miss Amy Williams, her companion and nurse.

Gerald had seen the young woman every day for the three years she had lived with his aunt, but never until that moment had bestowed a serious thought upon her. He did not even know the color of her eyes, till his aunt gasped out a sentence that caused him to look at her attentively. Then he found them shining luminously in the sombre gloom of the sick-chamber.

"If you expect to pay for that horse for Emily Thorpe to ride with the money you get by my death," said the dying woman, "you're mistaken."

"You don't understand," began Gerald.

"It was an infamous transaction," said the old lady. "I found out enough about it to make me put a codicil to my will. I've left every penny to Amy Williams."

It was then that Gerald looked at Amy; but his aunt suddenly stretched out her hands to him pleadingly; and, finding a gray pallor spreading over her face, he knelt down by the bedside, and took her cold withered hand in his own.

"If the horse had been for any one but that Emily Thorpe!" faltered the poor old lady.

"Oh, aunt," said Gerald, "if you'd let me explain—"

"I would if I had time," she said; "but I must die now."

In ten minutes it was all over, and Gerald went out of the house with a great ache at his heart. He was very sorry for his aunt; she had been kind to him—too kind, for she had reared him for the useless life of a drone, when now it appeared he must work for his living like all the rest of the bees. It had hitherto been something of a bore to him merely to spend money, and the fact began to dawn unpleasantly upon his mind that to earn it must be infinitely more wearisome.

Walking aimlessly on, his feet took mechanically a familiar direction, and he found himself pausing before a fine house in a fashionable part of the city, from whence shambled a somewhat bent and awkward figure, that presently disappeared in a brougham before the door.

Gerald recognized the man as Mr. Badger, the millionaire, and involuntarily contrasted his own condition with that of the fortunate soap-dealer. He was, however, so absorbed with the direful news he had to tell Emily, that before she came into the parlor he had forgotten Badger's existence.

It was singular that her remarkable beauty and brilliant toilet did not appall Gerald at that moment—that the fact of his no longer being able to grace that lovely hand with befitting gems did not prevent him from seizing it in both his own and kissing it rapturously. For that enchanting moment he was allowed to forget the gloomy chamber where his aunt lay dead, and the woman that waited there for the money he had been taught to consider his own.

"It seems to me that you are very beautiful this morning," was all that he could say.

Emily drew her hand gently away from his caress.

"Gerald," she said, "I have something to tell you."

Her accent was cold. There was something in her manner that caused him to step back and look at her with a dim premonition of what was to come.

"You know," she continued, "how bitterly opposed your aunt is to your affection for me. She has told me herself that she will never consent to our happiness. Gerald, I am too fond of you to wreck your whole life. There was but one way to end it all—"

She paused. He leaned forward, and still kept his eyes, now wan and haggard, upon her face. Then she sank, pale and trembling, into a chair, and covered her eyes with her hand. She was moved with pity, perhaps, or a vague regret. At last she spoke:

"I have just accepted an offer of marriage."

"From Badger?" cried Gerald, and walked to the door. "Your prudence," he added, standing upon the threshold, "has served you well. You have just got rid of me in time. My aunt died this morning and has left everything she had to her nurse and companion."

Then he got out into the street, and walked along with a faltering, staggering step. His eyes were wild—his face lividly pale.

He went home and stood by the body of his aunt. There was a singular fascination about this death—something very wonderful and tempting in that mysterious absolute rest. Suddenly he became master of himself, of the bitterness and despair of the moment. He walked firmly to the door; but a step followed him, and, turning, he saw the pale perturbed face of

Miss Williams. Then he remembered her presence in the room, but his madness and grief had prevented him from realizing it.

"Just one word, Mr. Melton," she said. "Of course, you know that I will not touch one penny of this money!"

"It doesn't matter now," he replied. "It might as well be yours as anybody's!"

"But it is yours," she said.

"Oh, as for me," said Gerald, "I shall not want it." He walked on through the hall. Miss Williams followed him, stealthily. He entered his room, but when the door shut him in, Amy remained, haggard and trembling. A grim silence reigned about her. She could hear the clock tick in the dead woman's room below. Suddenly she put both her hands about the knob and opened the door. Gerald turned quickly; there was an ominous click; the pistol fell a little as it went off. The blood soaked through his coat and trickled out upon the floor. Just as Amy was about sinking at his feet, Gerald put out his hand to her.

"An accident, Miss Williams," he said. "Please send Adams for the doctor, and then help me off with my coat."

This brought Amy to herself. She hastened to do his bidding, dispatched Adams, and returning again to Gerald, stanching the blood with strips of pillow-case from the bed. When the doctor came she held the light for him while he probed the wound and extracted the bullet.

"An inch or so higher," said the doctor, "and you would have been buried on the same day with your aunt."

It was a lucky thing, then, that Miss Williams had an errand to my room when she did," said Gerald. "As she opened the door my hand fell and the pistol went off."

"She has unconsciously saved your life," said the doctor. Then, as Amy left the room, he added, "She's the finest young woman I know, and would make a capital nurse in my hospital. Do you know what she thinks of doing, now that your aunt is gone?"

"No," said Gerald, with a grim smile; "but I fancy she'll think of something livelier than that."

"She has such an excellent physique and splendid nerve," said the doctor. "But I must go. Keep as quiet as you can, and have Adams within call."

That night Gerald awoke with an intolerable thirst; his temples throbbed, his eyes burned. Looking over at Adams, he found that he was sound asleep. This, of itself, was offensive to Gerald. What business had the man to sleep when he was suffering? How horribly oppressive the stillness was, this semi-darkness and loneliness! At that moment a ponderous snore resounded from the throat of the sturdy Adams, and Gerald almost leaped from his bed; it was unendurable. He stretched over his sound arm, and reaching a pillow, threw it with all his might at the unconscious man. But, in spite of the agony the movement cost him, it was a futile one. The pillow fell far short of the object, and Gerald sank back with a groan.

But suddenly the soft touch of a woman's hand fell tenderly upon his forehead, and the sweet tones of a woman's voice fell soothingly upon his ear.

"It is time for your medicine," said Amy, and put the cup to his lips. Gerald drank as if it were nectar. Then she arranged his pillows for him, and was about retreating from the room when he faintly called for a drink. Then he thought his head was too high, or perhaps a trifle low; every movement caused him intolerable agony, but he hated to be alone with Adams again. Besides, he was curious about this woman. She must have really divined his motive, and come to him to save his life. She was again about to leave him, but he put his hand upon her to detain her, and found that it trembled a little beneath his touch.

"Your hand didn't tremble when you held the lamp for the doctor," said Gerald. "He wants you for a hospital nurse, but I told him you'd prefer something more cheerful."

"Why, I think I'd like it," said Amy. "You know I must do something."

"I don't see the necessity," said Gerald: "you have my aunt's money, and it will occupy all your time to enjoy it."

"Your aunt's money is your own," said Amy, "and you must think I would take advantage of the poor old lady's weakness; I never will touch a penny of it. And Mr. Melton, you must not talk."

"One word—only one," pleaded Gerald. "But for you I might have been like—like our poor old friend below." Gerald shuddered and turned pale.

"I am cowardly enough," he went on, "to hate even the thought of it now. How can I thank you, Miss Williams?"

"By taking what is your own, and using it well and nobly," said Amy, and vanished from his sight.

But as she left him he felt a sudden throb in the hand beneath his own, and saw a quick flame leap into her cheek—a glow to her eyes.

"Three long years," murmured Gerald, "and I never knew her till now!"

Gerald was young and strong, and the fourth day, the one appointed for the funeral, he was able to be up and dressed, and welcomed Amy warmly as she entered his room. She looked paler than ever in her black dress, but Gerald thought he had never seen so sweet and noble a face.

"How I would like to go down, Miss Williams," he said, "and enjoy the surprise of the good people below! I'd like to see them how and smile to the heiress of my aunt's fortune. I'm as bad as the rest of them, I suppose, for I feel like making you all sorts of pretty speeches." Gerald paused, and his face grew suddenly grave and tender. "Go now," he added, "and kiss my aunt good-by for me; tell her I am quite satisfied with everything."

Amy went from the room and down the stairs. For the last three days she had been like one in a dream. It seemed awful to be warm and happy even after she had entered the dark gloomy drawing-room, and even after she had bent and kissed the cold stern face for Gerald and for herself.

"I will not take it," she whispered, hot tears raining on the dead woman's face—"I will not take a penny of it; but it has given me such a gleam of happiness. God for ever bless you for it!"

Then the people began to pour in, and the ceremony commenced. Amy's were the only tears that were shed; most of the guests came from civility or curiosity. Miss Melton had taken but little active part in the world for many a year, and the poor lady was very soon put away and forgotten.

The most important part of the proceedings was when they returned from the burial to hear the reading of the will.

Amy trembled when the pompous lawyer unrolled the parchment, and began in a sonorous voice—"In the name of God, amen!"

What would they think of her—what would they say of her? Oh, how glad she was that the only one she cared for in the world knew all about it! How innocent she was, and how ignorant!

But even while she thought thus she heard the lawyer read: "To my beloved nephew, Gerald Melton, I give and bequeath all my property, personal and otherwise." Amy could scarcely believe her ears. She listened to the end, and heard at

last, "To Amy Williams, my faithful nurse, I give a mourning-ring and the sum of fifty pounds."

Then she went up-stairs to Gerald.

"The king shall have his own!" she said.

"Only on one condition," said Gerald; "I'll take your money only on one condition."

"You'll take my money!" echoed Amy; "my poor little fifty pounds!" Amy's face shone with a profound joy. "Your aunt left her money where it belonged, Mr. Melton. I have just heard you declared her sole surviving heir."

Gerald remained stunned and bewildered.

"Where is the codicil?" he cried to the lawyer, who stood at the door. "My aunt left her money to Miss Williams. She told me so when she was dying."

"Oh, that was when you bought that horse. I was afraid there would be trouble then, but, bless your soul! she got over all that."

"And the money is mine?" cried Gerald.

"Of course it's yours," and the lawyer went down the stairs chuckling at his incredulity.

Then Gerald held out his hands to Amy.

"I was going to be magnanimous enough to marry you despite your money," said he; "now there is no obstacle to our happiness. Come, my sweet, and bless the life you have given me."

Amy became his wife. Mrs. Grundy said that he married her to spite Emily Thorpe. But we know that it was for love, and for love alone.

A STRANGE TRADITION.

IT was a dreary winter night: the snow lay thick upon the ground, and the wind went wandering through the narrow city streets, now wailing lugubriously, then shrieking shrilly: rattling at the doors and windows, and thundering over the house-tops, making all the people tremble in their beds. The wild wind seemed to have some special business in the world this night, as it went careering and raging round and round, driving the good folk into their houses, hurrying down chimney-pots, tearing up old trees, playing at hide-and-seek in the churchyards as though it would wake the dead, and, failing in that, flying up to the steeple, howling furiously, striking it on all sides, wrestling in a mad endeavor to send it crashing on the graves below. If it could only have woken up the Spirit of Justice, that lay bound in a trance-like sleep, it might have been content to rest, but it could not: having tired itself out, it sank down sobbing and wailing round a palace prison, where a doomed King lay sleeping his last earthly sleep. All the griefs, trials and vicissitudes that can befall humanity had been crowded into the life of the unfortunate sovereign. He had been weighed down by political anxieties and military defeat, and at last with a brave unflinching spirit had undergone the terrible ordeal of a public trial—a mere mockery of justice—which resulted in his condemnation to death. He had already bid farewell to wife, children, friends and relations, and had now but a few hours to live. One wonder was rife among the people, one question had flown from lip to lip during the day, but night came and left it unanswered—"Who was to fulfill the ghastly office of headman to the King?" It was not to be the common executioner—that was well known; but on whom, then, would devolve the responsible office? It must be a practiced hand who would strike one blow and have done. One thing alone was known—that at twelve o'clock on the morning of the 30th of January the King's head was to fall.

The night that was to herald such a morrow was the very dreariest of the dreary winter. The wind had puffed out the tiny oil-lamps that lit the streets with its first breath, and they were dull, dark, and almost deserted. Still the snow fell, and the wind wailed on. It was nearly midnight, when a solitary pedestrian wended his way through the silent city. He was wrapped in a large roquelaire, and wore his hat pulled low over his eyes. He hurried along, looking neither to the right nor to the left, not even pausing for a second, till he reached a shabby, narrow street in the purlieus of Westminster, with rickety, tumble-down houses on each side. He looked cautiously round him, laid his hand upon a latched door, and entered one of these miserable abodes of humanity. There was a low whispering of voices in the dark passage; then he ascended a steep flight of worm-eaten stairs, and was shown into a room occupied by one solitary man. The door closed behind him, and they two were left alone. For a moment they gazed on each other's faces; there was no hand-shaking, not a single word of greeting passed between them. The occupant of the room was a large, heavy-limbed man of the lowest order, with a bloated face and ferocious cast of countenance. One huge hand lay clinched upon the table, as he leaned forward and scanned his visitor from beneath his bushy brows. He was the first to speak.

"Well, I don't suppose you've come here for the pleasure of looking at me," he said, with a ghastly grin. "That is your writing and your signing, I suppose?" He held forth a crumpled bit of paper.

His visitor bowed his head in token of assent, but said nothing.

"Well, what do you want?—folks don't seek out the likes of me for nothing. Tell me quickly what you want: it is past midnight, and I've work to do to-morrow that needs a steady hand."

"It is on that matter I desire to speak to you," replied his visitor, in a cold, calculating tone.

"You are here by command of Oliver Cromwell to carry out the execution of Charles Stuart. I want to know what is your fee."

"You're curious, master; but I don't mind telling you. My price for the job is twenty golden pieces."

"Let me take your place, and I'll make it ten times more!" exclaimed his visitor. Richard Brandon, butcher though he was, and fresh from the shambles of St. Ives, recoiled before the eager voice of the speaker. Was he mad? or—he smiled grimly, and shook his head.

"It is a plot to save the King," he said.

"Save the King!" echoed his visitor, with a low laugh of bitter hatred. "Though he had twenty heads, I would not rest till the last had fallen. I fought at Naseby—strove with might and main to stand face to face with him, that we might cross swords and fight till one or both were slain, for I have sworn that no hand but mine shall shed his blood!"

"I'm sorry for your oath," replied Brandon; "you might have kept it times enough without waiting until now."

"I tell you I have watched and waited—"

"Bah!" interrupted the man; "a blow in the dark would have served your purpose, and the country would have been saved much cost and trouble; no one would have asked who struck the blow—"

"Man! I would be his executioner, not his assassin," exclaimed his visitor, fiercely.

"You gentlemanly draw nice distinctions," sneered Richard Brandon.

"Time flies," rejoined his visitor; "there are no moments to waste in quibbling or useless argument,

I make you an offer which will fill your purse and spare you an unpleasant task. It can be no pleasure to you to behold the King."

"But it would be an uncommonly unpleasant thing for me to put my head in his place."

"You run no risk," replied the other; "in case of any discovery or failure, my head is in peril, not yours; but discovery is impossible. Your person is unknown to the prison authorities—unknown to the people outside—unknown even to Cromwell; in addition to which, you are to be cloaked and masked. Who could tell what form or face is hidden by such disguise? It is but a few minutes' work, then the execution is over, the executioner has disappeared; no man will care to look upon his face or clasp him by the hand; they will shrink from him as though he were a pestilence stalking through the land. Decide quickly. There is the money"—he flung a bag of chinking coin upon the table as he spoke—"count it. Give me your credentials and disguise, and never fear but all will go well."

"How know I that?" said Brandon, irresolute and sorely tempted. "I was chosen for my skill; you are no professional, and may be but a bungler at the work. I am only a butcher, a slayer of innocent beasts, and I would not be the torturer of a King."

His visitor glanced keenly round the room; there was a huge billet of wood lying in the corner. He took it up and placed it on the table.

"Give me an ax," he said, "and draw a chalk line where I shall strike."

Without a word, Richard Brandon rose up, took a piece of chalk and drew a line across the floor—this done, he produced an ax—bright and keen-seemed—and gave it to his visitor, who scrutinized it carefully, passed his finger over its keen, sharp edge, and smiled satisfied.

"It should be a rare tool for such fine work," he said. He balanced it for a moment in his hand, then lifted his arm and struck, cleaving the log in twain! His blow fell directly on the line, deviating not a hair's breadth either to the right or to the left. As the wood fell on either side with a heavy thud, both started, drew a long breath, and looked on each other's faces. The professional slayer felt he was in the presence of a master-hand.

The clock at Westminster Abbey was striking one as the mysterious stranger left the house, bearing with him the disguise, the credentials, and the headman's ax.

Time turned his hour-glass, and days and years fled past. The King's enemies had passed away, and generations of their children after them. More than one crowned King had laid his sceptre down at the door of the mighty King Death.

The follies and the courtly vices of the Stuarts were fast fading into matters of history; and His Majesty King George II. occupied the English throne. The noble family of Stair had lost many of its most valuable possessions during the political excitement of past times. At the present, the chief representative of the house of Stair had fallen into disfavor with the King, and contemplated withdrawing himself from the court. He came of a proud and haughty race, and could not brook the idea of a formal dismissal, which might at any hour befall him. He knew too well the character of his sovereign.

As he was walking along the Oxford road, making a mental arrangement of his affairs, before retiring to his estates in Scotland, which he intended to do forthwith, a man stepped suddenly in front of him, and placed a letter in his hand. In some surprise at this mode of proceeding, he opened it, and read as follows:

"My Lord—Your bravery is well-known; but will you have the courage to go to-morrow night to the entrance of the Somerset House, where you will find one who (if you will dare follow him) will conduct you to a part of the town not much frequented, but where you will find one who is impatient to see you, and to discover secrets which are of more importance than you imagine, and which cannot be disclosed in a letter? If you are afraid this should be a plot on your purse, bring nothing valuable about you, and come armed."

Lord Stair's surprise at reading this strange requisition may be easily imagined. At first he took it for a trick of some secret enemy, or some affair of gallantry, the heroine of which had probably her reasons for such a mysterious summons. However, he determined to go, let the risk be what it might. He buckled on his sword, and, providing himself with a pair of pistols, went to the place appointed. There he found a man evidently waiting for him, who, without speaking, made him a sign to follow. After walking for about an hour, they came into a dilapidated and deserted street. His conductor knocked at the door of a small house; on its being opened, he stood aside and said, "Walk in, my lord," and the door closed behind him. Holding his sword in one hand and a pistol in the other, Lord Stair followed his conductor, and was shown into a room the furniture of which was scanty and belonged to a bygone age. At the far end of the apartment there was a seated, or rather half buried, in a huge leathern chair a very aged and decrepit man; so old, he seemed as though time had forgotten him, though the passing years had left their mark upon his face, and scored and rescored it over and over until scarcely a vestige of nature's original handiwork remained. Flowing almost to his waist was a long white beard; a pair of unearthly eyes gleamed from beneath his frosted brows. On a table by his side stood a small old-fashioned lamp. So soon as Lord Stair found himself alone with this uninviting figure he advanced cautiously, and glancing suspiciously round him, grasped his sword. The old man's dull eyes became fixed upon his face, and a small faint voice inquired if he were Lord Stair.

Lord Stair answered in the affirmative, adding: "It is you, I presume, who have sent for me in this mysterious fashion."

"Kneel down, that I may look upon your face," strangely impelled by his authoritative tone, as well as by some irresistible feeling in his own heart, Lord Stair obeyed. The old man seized the lamp, and, throwing the light full upon his visitor's face, gazed at it eagerly; he then stretched forth his yellow skeleton hand, and touched his visitor's cheek. The younger man almost recoiled from it; he felt as though the hand of death were writing its sign-manual upon his brow.

"I see—I recognize the features of my race—it is my own lost youth come back again. Now, lift up your eyes and look on me."

Amazed, half stupefied, and yet strangely affected, Lord Stair did as he was bidden; but he saw nothing there to stir his memory. It was a face of an utter stranger, seemingly belonging to another world.

"Your eyes do not recognize me," he said, impatiently; "but your soul must, for it is akin to mine. Ay, you may start, but the blood that rushes flaming to your face now comes from the same fountain as that which singeates and freezes in mine. For years, long years, I've yearned to look upon the face of my own race and blood; a little while, and I shall be contented to die; but

not yet—not yet. I have two things to do. I should not lie quiet in my grave if they were left undone."

Guided by his directions, Lord Stair drew a heavy box from beneath a bed.

"There—there," continued the old man, "you will find papers which will repair the losses you and your family have sustained; deeds which will restore you to estates enjoyed wrongfully by others. With the aid of these you will easily recover property which is yours by descent; and you will read the story of my life—it is written there."

Lord Stair hastily scanned the documents, and found that they were precisely what the old man hinted, and he raised his eyes to him in wondering gratitude. He would have taken his bony hand and pressed it to his lips, but the old man snatched it away, murmuring:

"There's a blood upon it. I've tried to hide it, but it's always there."

Lord Stair recoiled a step, struck by the sudden gesture, no less than by the words, and the shuddering expression that came into his companion's face. The old man, observing the revulsion his words created, put forth his hands pleadingly, as he added:

"No, don't leave me yet; I am an old man—a very old man, and I have repented. Oh, God! have I not repented? Yes, from the very hour that I slaked my thirst for vengeance my blood began to cool, and I felt the brand of murder—cruel, cowardly murder—on my soul. I hid myself from the eyes of mine own kindred, from the eyes of all the world, and I would fain have hidden from myself; but I have the stamp of Cain upon my brow. I meant my secret to be buried with me, but it will not let me rest—it will not let me die until it has escaped my lips. I have tried to die, but I could not; I was a coward, and I dared not." He paused a moment, overcome by mental pain as well as physical exhaustion; then, grasping his young kinsman's hand, he spoke again, almost in a whisper.

"You remember Charles Stuart—King Charles the First?"

"Charles the Martyr, as we call him now? Yes, his—orally I do remember him," replied Lord Stair, wondering at the question.

"I—but it is all written there," rejoined the old man, pointing to a bundle of manuscripts. "I cannot force my tongue to tell all—only this: it was I who stood upon the scaffold clothed and masked; it was I who struck the ungodly blow through the land—I, vindictive monster that I was. Even as the ax was falling, I hurled my name—her name—into his ear; and as I lifted his bleeding head, his mild eyes seemed to roll towards mine. Yes, he heard me—heard me—and I knew that he forgave me."

Overcome by his terrible retrospection, the aged speaker seemed to sink into an unconscious state. Silently, noiselessly as a spectre, the guide who had conducted Lord Stair to the house appeared upon the scene, and motioned him to leave the room.

"Ay, go—go!" gasped the old man, rallying for a moment—"go, and return no more."

Here the manuscript breaks off abruptly. Of its truth or probability the reader must judge for himself. We all know the question of "Who beheaded Charles I?" has been often asked, but never satisfactorily answered. Richard Brandon was engaged to play the part of executioner, but it is denied that he was the man who struck the blow.

THE CHINESE TYPHOON OF LAST SEPTEMBER.

(From our own Correspondent at Hong Kong.)

HONG KONG, January 3d, 1875.

THE typhoon which swept over Hong Kong, Macao and neighboring parts of China during the night of Tuesday, September 22d, 1874, was, in many respects, the most terrible within memory. Beginning shortly before midnight on Tuesday, it continued until about four o'clock on Wednesday morning. Though of comparatively short duration, this typhoon seems to have exceeded any previous visitation of the kind, in the loss of life, destruction of shipping and damage to property.

A typhoon had been expected for some weeks previously, and the low and falling barometer on Tuesday evening, as well as other threatening indications, induced preparations to be made to meet it (at Hong Kong the lowest barometrical reading, as taken at the Harbor Master's Office, was 28.88, whilst at Macao, Captain Carroll recorded only 27.95); steamers and other large vessels sought the most sheltered positions; sampans were taken into creeks, behind breakwaters, or wherever promised security; and house-boats were brought on shore. The rain descended in torrents; the wind blew with the violence of a tempest—the rage of a whirlwind; vessels stanch and strong were driven hither and thither about the harbor or on the shore, like children's toy-craft; roofs were torn off as by the hand of a mighty giant; trees were uprooted by hundreds; rows of buildings were blown down in a moment, many of the inhabitants being buried beneath their ruins. The work of destruction went on for hours, and there is hardly a single house in the colony but what has suffered more or less injury. Six steamers and twenty-seven large European vessels were either sunk, driven on shore, dismantled, or more or less damaged, whilst thousands of junks and sampans foundered or were dashed to pieces. The loss of life by the typhoon cannot even be conjectured. Chinese authorities stated that in the province of Kwang-Fung alone more than a hundred thousand persons perished. At Hong Kong the bodies were buried, but at Macao so heavy was the loss of life that the labor of grave-digging became too great, and the bodies, as washed up by the waves or disintegrated from the fallen houses, were soon heaped together and burned, more than 1,000 a day, for three days, being cremated. The greatest portion of those drowned were carried out to sea.

W. H. L.

NOTE BY EDITOR.—From numerous photographs by Afong, forwarded by our correspondent, we have selected for reproduction Yow-Mah-Tee after the typhoon; the *Alaska* ashore at Aberdeen; and the *Abay* and the *Leonor*, two Spanish steamships, sunk during the typhoon in the harbor of Hong Kong. Yow-Mah-Tee is a native village under British jurisdiction, situated on the Kowloon Peninsula, the extremity of the mainland of China. It is separated from Hong Kong only by the harbor. Many sampans here took refuge, and a fleet of them is seen in the picture. The buildings in the foreground are demolished; and the long line of houses constituting the chief part of the village is badly damaged. The *Alaska* is a paddle-wheel vessel of about 4,000 tons, belonging to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. She had been taken round to Aberdeen, six miles from Hong Kong, to be docked. On the night of the typhoon she broke from her buoy, and was driven ashore. She did not, however, sustain much damage. The vessel to the right is a Chinese junk, also cast

ashore by the storm. Hundreds of junks foundered during the typhoon, and the loss of life among their crews was fearful.

THE TILTON-BEECHER TRIAL.

THE great scandal trial, which was interrupted on Thursday, March 4th, on account of the sickness of one of the jurors, was resumed on Monday, March 8th, Mr. Jeffrey having sufficiently recovered. Miss Bessie Turner was in court ready to testify. She is about nineteen years old, small in stature, girlish, and has reddish brown hair, with one long curl pendant behind. Her drab veil did not entirely conceal her comely features. She was neatly attired in black, relieved by a blue silk scarf about her neck, and a white lace bow at her throat. Though she was closely scrutinized, she sat with schoolgirlish demureness, evidently interested in the method of examining witnesses.

The examination of Mrs. Putnam was resumed. In her testimony she alluded to Bessie Turner, and said that Mr. Tilton always treated her as he did his own children, greeting her with a kiss and sometimes reading and talking to her. Tilton at one time asked the advice of witness about sending Bessie to school. He said that Bessie was a girl of rare qualities, and if she only had education she would make a lady, and that he meant she should have education.

The next witness was Miss Hannah Augusta Moore, another old friend of Mrs. Tilton, who was examined in regard to Mr. Tilton's religious belief and social habits.

On Tuesday, March 9th, Mr. George W. Lincoln, of Fulton, N. Y.—who was manager of the Beardsley House, Winsted, Conn., in 1869, at the time Tilton visited that place in company with a lady—was put upon the witness-stand, and examined in relation to Tilton's visit to Winsted.

Deacon Samuel E. Belcher, of Plymouth Church, was the next witness, and ninth, for the defense. His memory and his comprehension of questions were deficient. When Judge Fullerton cross-examined the Deacon, he was completely befogged. Mr. St. Clair McKelway, one of the editors of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, was next called. He proved to be an intelligent man, and testified that he had called upon Mr. Tilton soon after the publication of the Woodhull scandal, when Mr. Tilton said that he could not talk to the witness as a journalist, but that he (Tilton) would relate in the form of an allegory a story which would place matters in a different light from that of the Woodhull publication. The witness then gave in his own language the story that Mr. Tilton had told him. In substance it was like other statements alleged to have been made by Mr. Beecher to Mrs. Tilton, except that all names were omitted. The witness told the story in a deliberate manner, and was listened to with unusual attention.

Mr. Oliver Johnson was then called. He has been a New York journalist for forty years, and his relations with the principals in this suit have been very intimate. He testified that he had expostulated with Mr. Tilton for writing his life of Victoria Woodhull, and that Mr. Tilton had answered, "Oliver, that is one of the best pieces of literary work I ever did," and had eulogized Victoria Woodhull highly; that Mr. Tilton gave his high opinion of Victoria Woodhull, and his pride in his work as the motives for writing the life. But at another interview, in 1872, Mr. Johnson testified that Mr. Tilton had assigned a different motive for his preparation of that biography.

Miss Isabella G. Oakley, an old friend of Mrs. Tilton, was the next witness. Her evidence related, principally, to her knowledge of the domestic affairs of the Tilton family.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE HAYMARKET CIVIL SERVICE STORES were first opened by a society established in the early part of 1866, and the initiative was taken by some of the clerks engaged in the London Post Office. Notwithstanding the facilities of the grocery business—to which the members resorted after failing in their efforts to secure the economical purchase and distribution of household goods—and the example set by many other distributive co-operative associations, the promoters never imagined that their enterprise would attain its present giant proportions. The association, started so humbly, gained strength with unprecedented rapidity. The thousand shires, of £5 each, which were to constitute a working capital of £5,000, were readily taken long ago, and the modest clerks who patronized the stores have been reinforced by high officials, and several members of the peerage. The stores now deal not only in the necessities of life, but in the luxuries as well. Our cut shows to what degree co-operation is recognized as a factor of modern social life by all classes in England.

IN THE KINGDOM OF DAKAR, West Africa, navigation is an advanced art, and the queer shapes of the Yolofo pirogues are the result of careful experiments and intelligent combinations. An enormous and massive piece of wood is always essential; it is cut at both ends into long spurs, to pierce those terrible breakers in which our ships' boats would infallibly perish. This heavy beam, half concealed beneath the water, gives to the whole construction a very suitable stability, and solely upon the qualities and happy form of this base depends the value of the pirogue—the upper part of which is of secondary importance. At the prow a wooden slab of a peculiar shape protects the passengers from being inundated by the spray of the waters cleft by the spurs below. A narrow bench, for passengers of rank, is placed directly behind this shielding board, while the rowers are placed astern. The blacks handle either the oar or the paddle with great skill.

A BOAT THAT CANNOT BE CAPSIZED has long been wished for, and its secret seems to have been discovered by Captain Ramaker. Recent experiments at Nice with the "non-capsizable" boat invented by him were so successful as to win applause from a large number of spectators.

THE LOCK-OUT IN SOUTH WALES.—This unfortunate rupture between capital and labor continues to supply the London illustrated journals with sketches, one of which, "Settling Accounts and Granting Leave to Pick Coal on the Tip," we reproduce. The deplorable stoppage of work in the vast collieries and iron-works of South Wales involves immense interests. It is reckoned that the united earnings of the 70,000 hands—practical pit-men, with laborers and lads—when fully employed in this district, average £100,000, say \$500,000, a week. The Vale of Merthyr, particularly, now wears an air of desolation. The Plymouth Iron and Coal Works, which extend for nearly a couple of miles, are strangely silent. The steam-engines at the pit-mouth, noisily and showily pumping, throw a significant aspect of inactivity, upon acres of unworked machinery, and there is a long line of black funnels, tall chimneys, gaunt beams and cranks, and gaping machinery, in cold repose. Not a gleam now enlightens the evening landscape where for years the valley has been notorious for its glare. There are people starving in the valley, and half the distress which

exists, and will exist, there, will never be known. If our friends of Branch No. 1, District No. 15 of "M. L. B. of Pennsylvania," would profit by this gloomy picture of the desolation caused by the Lock-out in South Wales, they might be less angry with us for having truly depicted the dismal scenes which Strikes produce in the mining districts of Pennsylvania.

THE DUFFLAS are a savage tribe, occupying a strip of territory, seventy miles wide, north of the great river Brahmapootra, between the frontier of Assam and Tibet. Some three hundred of them. In February, 1873, came down into the plains and made a raid on a village in the British Indian province of Assam, north-east of Bengal, carrying off more than forty of the inhabitants, and murdering two who offered resistance. The captives have not been surrendered, notwithstanding repeated demands by the Government of India. They have been exchanged or sold into slavery to the other independent tribes. To punish such insolence a small but very efficient force was organized to bring these wild mountaineers to their senses. This is the object of the Duffla Expedition. Our sketch shows the scenery of the Dikruing River, as well as the advanced guard of Sappers and 44th Native Infantry crossing this tributary of the mighty Brahmapootra.

THE CARMEN'S SHELTER, Acacia Road, St. John's Wood, London, is one of the movable huts or pavilions, with glass sides, to establish which for the cabmen—that overworked, precariously paid, weather-beaten, and much-abused class—a society has been formed in England, under the presidency of Lord Shaftesbury and Hon. Arthur Kinnaird. In these pavilions the cabmen can take shelter, during heavy rain, snow or hail, or other inclement weather. Our Mr. Bergh would doubtless like it better still if the Metropolitan Board of Works or the Vestries could devise the erection of some kind of iron and glass sheds for cabs, horses and drivers together, where a street has sufficient width to spare. Something like this would be desirable in New York as well as in London.

THE LEGAL CONTROVERSY between General de Wimpfen and M. Paul de Cassagnac, editor of the *Pays*, a Bonapartist journal, ended in the acquittal of De Cassagnac, who had been charged with slandering the general. But the historical question of responsibility for the capitulation at Sedan was properly left undecided by the jury, beyond whose province it indisputably was. That question had already been settled by the late Emperor himself, who, in effect, declared in his letter to Sir John Burgoyne that the march upon Sedan was the result of a political purpose, and not of a combination in tactics. Indeed, until recently, almost all French Imperialists have tried to secure credit for humanity on the part of Napoleon III. in deciding to sacrifice his crown and his vaunted claim to military reputation in order to save the lives of his soldiers. But it is doubtful whether at Chislehurst the result of M. de Cassagnac's trial is altogether so satisfactory as that doughty editor, "the voice and the sword of the Imperialist Party," may have anticipated. By the verdict of the jury, De Cassagnac was acquitted, but not the late Emperor.

THE THEATRE ROYAL OF EDINBURGH, the principal place of amusement in the capital of Scotland, was burned to the ground on the 6th ult., for the third time within little more than thirty years. It was first burned down in 1843, and again in 1865. On the latter occasion the Dean of Guild of the City, while directing the operations of the firemen, was killed by the falling of one of the walls. The last fire, which caused a total loss of about \$100,000, was owing, it is thought, to an explosion of gas.

FUN.

A PATIENT-WAITER—A young doctor.

A CHILD of the sea—A harbor buoy.

WHY are the fond glances a mother casts upon her baby like Turkish cavalry?—Because they are mammy-looks (Mamelukes).

AN Arab chief at the Marseilles Opera especially admired the trombone-player, expressing his wonder "to see that Christian swallow so much brass. I cannot yet comprehend where he puts it."

AN actor named Priest was playing at one of the principal London theatres. Some one remarked at the Garrick Club that there were a great many men in the pit. "Probably clerks who have taken Priest's orders," said Mr. Poole, one of the best punsters as well as one of the cleverest comic satirists of the day.

A PARTY who was looking at a house in the Sixth Ward, the other day, said he couldn't afford to pay so much rent. "Well, look at the neighborhood," replied the woman in charge of the premises. "You can borrow flat-irons next door, coffee and tea across the street, flour and sugar on the corner, and there's a big pile of wood belonging to the schoolhouse right across the alley!"

AN Irish weaver, just imported from the sister isle, took to his employer in Kilmarnock the first cloth he had woven since his arrival. His employer detected in the cloth two holes, within half an inch of each other, and told him he must pay a fine of a shilling for each hole. "And, please ye," returned Pat, "it is by the number of holes, or by the size of them, that ye put the fine on us?" "By the number of holes, to be sure." "And a big hole and a small one is the same price?" "Yes, a shilling for every hole, big or little." "Then give me a hould of the piece," requested Pat. Getting the cloth into his hands, he tore the two small holes into one, and exclaimed, "By the Hill of Howth, and that saves me one shilling, anyhow!"

A FRIEND, writing from the vicinity of Grand Rapids, says: "We have had the most intense, intolerable, infernal, all-fired cold weather I ever knew in Michigan. Two of our fruit-growers were out with a thermometer the other day in their peach-orchard, testing the caloric, or absence of it, where the mercury got down among the big thistles—when one of them felt something sting his ear. He gave a good smart brush to knock off the 'little busy bee,' when lo! and behold, his ear itself lay in the snow before him. He picked it up, and very coolly said to his companion: 'Come, Bill, I say, let's go home; things are getting too darned brittle around here!' Those men are ready to contract for their next peach crop at a discount."

RECENTLY a middle-aged woman had a letter handed her at the general delivery at the post-office, and she sat down on a window-sill and read it. Her interest was intense from the start, and she spoke up and said: "He calls me his little darling. That's good!" After reading a few more lines she said: "And he misses my society so much!" Half way down the page she spoke again: "And he calls me his sunbeam—his guardian angel!" She climbed up the sill a little further, turned the letter over, and mused: "And he's lost three pounds of flesh worrying over my health. He's just a dear, loving old darling, that's what he is!" She reached the top of the fourth page, and exclaimed: "What! going to Flint, eh?" Further down she growled: "And he met that red-headed widow Kernshaw on the cars, eh? I'll see about that. He probably didn't tell her he was married!" She got down to the "P. S.," glanced over a couple of lines, and then yelled right out: "Not coming home until next week! Train's snowed in! Great press of business! I'll see whether he isn't coming! Boy, where's the telegraph office?" And she ran across the street, and sent him a dispatch which made the operator's hair stand up as he received and read it.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

The draft of the Hawaiian treaty was transferred to the new Committee on Foreign Affairs... Brigham Young, having refused to pay the attorney's fee ordered by Judge McKean, was arrested and sentenced to a fine and twenty-four hours' imprisonment in the Utah Penitentiary... A majority of the standing committees of the Episcopal Church refused consent to the confirmation of Dr. DeKoven as Bishop of Illinois... No election of Governor by popular vote was secured in New Hampshire... Engineers were busy blasting the ice-gorges in the Delaware at Port Jervis, and the Schuylkill at Philadelphia... Ex-Congressman Gooch was appointed Pension Agent in Boston... General French and Dr. Sunderland, Sergeant-at-arms and Chaplain of the United States Senate, were re-elected... A portion of the Federal troops will be withdrawn from Louisiana as soon as the compromise is completed... Senator Ferry of Michigan was elected President pro tem. of the United States Senate... The Directors of the Union Pacific Railroad recommended a quarterly dividend of six per cent... A Legislative Committee will investigate the various commissions of Jersey City... The trial of Mr. Walling, Superintendent of Police, New York City, took place on the 12th... A secret session of the Congressional Committee on Louisiana was held in New York... The National Fire Insurance Company of Philadelphia temporarily suspended... Debate on the Pinchback resolution was resumed in the Senate. An order denying a writ of habeas corpus in the Tweed case was affirmed... The "third Reform Bill" was passed by the New York Legislature... A block of granite from Switzerland for the grave of Agassiz arrived at Cambridge, Mass... Intelligence was received that Archbishop McCloskey, of New York, is to be made a Cardinal... The Manhattan Club of New York will give a banquet to the Democratic Senators at the close of the special session.

FOREIGN.

An international exposition of life-saving apparatus will be held at Brussels in June... Brazil has expelled a large number of Jesuits from its territory... The big telescope, forty-two feet long, with a mirror four and a half feet in diameter, has been mounted in the Paris Observatory... Sweden has passed a law by which married women can manage their own property... It is proposed to construct a tunnel between Gibraltar and Africa... France will issue 75,000,000 francs in coin this year... Snow fell at Belkairah, Upper Egypt, on the 15th of January, a sight never before witnessed... A convention between Spain and the United States for the settlement of the *Virginias* affair was signed... France has enacted a law by which professional names must report weekly to the police the name and condition of each child held by them under two years of age... The Pope will retaliate on Bismarck for expelling the Archbishop of Posen from his See, by elevating that priest to a Cardinal... Colonel Herbert Sandford was appointed official delegate of the British Commission to the Centennial... The Prussian Government notified President MacMahon that if he persisted in having an experimental concentration of French troops on the eastern border, two German army corps would be mobilized on the Rhine, opposite... Another heavy gale visited the British coast... A bread riot occurred in Bogota, January 23d... The difficulty between the first and second Kings of Spain was amicably settled... M. Buffet succeeded in forming a new French Ministry... Each of the two Darian surveying parties are hard at work, and encouraging reports were forwarded... A new treaty of commerce and navigation between Belgium and the United States was signed... Minister Cushing presented his credentials to the new King of Spain... The Emperors of Austria and Italy will meet in Vienna in April... Dr. Roberts, the Methodist Bishop of Liberia, Africa, is dead.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

NEW YORK CITY.—"Giroff-Giroff" will be withdrawn from the Park Theatre on the 20th. It has had a most prosperous run... "The Big Bonanza" retains its popularity so thoroughly that it will probably be kept on the boards of the Fifth Avenue until the close of the season... "Henry Vth," at Booth's, is to give way to Miss Adelaide Neilson... M. Barthelme Laurent, late of the Conservatoire de Paris, gives a vocal and instrumental concert at Steinway Hall, March 19th, assisted by the Philharmonic Society... Herr Wachtel has been engaged by Manager Neudorff, of the Stadt and Germania Theatres, and will sing here from September until May... The past theatrical season in Paris has not been prolific of dramatic triumphs; but a brilliant exception to the rule of mediocrity must be recorded in favor of the spectacular drama of "Around the World in Eighty Days," which has achieved a magnificent success at the Theatre Porte St. Martin. This remarkable play is soon to be produced at the Bowery Theatre in this city, and it is said that extraordinary preparations are being made to render its representation here worthy of its transatlantic fame. The history of the old Bowery is identified with some of the most splendid achievements of the American stage; and it is quite possible that its crowning glory is about to be accomplished in the production of "Around the World in Eighty Days."

PROVINCIAL.—Charles Fechter appeared last week in the Walnut Street, Philadelphia, in the "Corsican Brothers" and "The Lady of Lyons."... Frank Mayo has been giving his impersonation of "Davy Crockett" in Washington, D. C... Miss Kellogg presented the "Tahitian" in Boston, supported by Mrs. Van Zandt, Miss Beaumont, and Mr. Castle... Miss Charlotte Thompson completed her two-weeks' engagement at the Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, in "Jane Eyre."... Theodore Thomas gave a grand Wagner night at the Boston Music Hall, on the 10th, Messrs. Bischoff and Remmert illustrating the vocal parts... Raff's "Leonore" symphony will be performed in Cincinnati on the 30th... "Griffith Gaunt" had a prosperous run at the Boston Museum... John Brougham appeared at the Arch Street, Philadelphia, on the 8th, in the "Serious Family," for the benefit of the Police Centennial Fund... Frederick Macabee began a series of his unique entertainments at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, last week. His "Begone Dull Care" is laden with jollity.

FOREIGN.—Miss Genevieve Ward has been playing as Rebecca, in Halliday's dramatization of Scott's "Ivanhoe," at the Drury Lane Theatre, London, being supported by James Fernandez as Isaac of York... Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" has been revived at the London Gaiety, under Miss Hodson's management. Miss West assumed the rôle of Puck... The Opera Comique, Paris, is rehearsing five pieces for the Spring season... Prof. Oakley, of the Edinburgh University, has composed a funeral march, that is said to be remarkably impressive... Mr. Mapleson begins his Italian season, in London, early in April, with "Lucrezia Borgia."... Rubinstein's new symphony has been given in St. Petersburg... "The Tower of Babel" is announced for production at the Salle Vendôme, Paris... Carl Rosa starts off with an English opera company for the provincial towns of England this month... Ambrose Thomas will compose the cantata for the centenary of Boileau, at Rouen... Henri de Bornier, author of the tragedy, "La Fille de Roland," has been promoted to the office of *Officier de la Légion d'Honneur*.





NEW YORK CITY.—CENTRAL PARK.—THE LAST SKATING PARTY OF THE SEASON.—IN TOWN.—SEE PAGE 43.

SONG.

H. F. HENDERSON.

Ah, let them laugh at Love who may—
It reck's not me;
Fast am I bound beneath its sway,
Nor would be free.
The road of life has many a stone
To bruise the feet—
But should I, if I trod alone,
With fewer meet?

Ah, let them mock at Love who may;
'Tis only those
Whose flowery path was stopt midway
With bitter close.
Yet let us not too sternly blame
The mocking few—
If our bright idol fell the same,
What should we do?

Ah, let them mock at Love who may,
And call it vain,
And augur sure and swift decay
And bitter pain;
Its presence has the power to cheer
O'er all beside,
And Memory makes it ever dear,
Whate'er betide.

Ah, let them mock at Love who may—
It has the power
To ope our heart-buds, and display
A lovely flower.
Foul wrong may taint its lily cheek
With bruised stain,
Yet would it not for shelter seek
Its bud again?

The Doom of the Albatross.

A SECRET OF THE SEA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ALL IN THE WILD MARCH MORNING," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

MRS. ALLAN came to me that night when Walter Hesketh had quitted Grayfriars, and had gone to his hotel.

"My dear, you have made me so happy; my mind is so relieved about you," she said, kissing me. "You will never regret the promise you have made this day, my dear, I am sure."

"I am glad that you are pleased, mother," I responded, quietly. "As for regrets," I added, with one bitter, irrepressible spasm, "when I have them, none will be the wiser for it."

So I said—so I thought at the time; but yet one month later, when my home at Grayfriars had been quitted for the last time, and all the household treasures that I had collected with such pride and labor of love—ah, me!—had been scattered far and wide, to fill empty niches in other people's homes, and Mrs. Allan and I were living in London again, the bitter pain of my undying regret and sorrow awoke with unconcealable outward manifestation.

Walter had dined with us, and in the evening, looking over a portfolio of sketches, I came upon a series of chromolithographs of Alpine views.

"How beautiful!" I said, looking with longing eyes at the foreground of rich verdant foliage, the high-piled masses of rock gleaming in the sun, the glimpse of blue placid waters of a distant lake, the purple haze of the warm Summer air, and far, far off, high reared against the Summer sky, the gleaming majesty of snowy peaks.

"Very beautiful," he repeated—"more beautiful than you can have any idea of until you see them."

"Well, I must be content with pictures, then," I rejoined.

"Yes, until June," he said, smiling, and drawing nearer to me.

"June! What of June?" I asked, breathlessly, my face growing pale and crimson by turns.

"You will see the Alps in June, I hope," Walter said, smiling still, but with a little nervous anxiety evident in his face. "You are not very strong, dearest; a month in Switzerland will benefit you greatly."

"Switzerland! What should I do in Switzerland?" I demanded, excitedly. "Who would take me to Switzerland?"

"Your husband," he said, steadily, holding my hands and looking into my face.

For once his almost resistless influence over me failed. I pushed him from me with a sharp cry; his words were like a blow on an exposed nerve.

"My husband! My husband is lying in his grave in the depths of the sea! Oh, George, my own love! Would to heaven I were lying there too!"

Mrs. Allan rushed into the room from the adjoining one in shocked surprise.

"What is it? What is the matter?" she cried.

"Only Gwendoline giving way to her feelings, regardless of mine," Walter replied, and, taking up his hat, he quitted the house without another word.

Repenting, almost as soon as I had spoken, the utterance of that which at least was ill-considered and useless, and growing remorseful as several days went by, I would fain have told Walter so, and asked his forgiveness.

But days and weeks went on, and Walter never troubled me either with his presence, or even with so much as a message or letter; and Mrs. Allan, grieved and much displeased, spoke in severe allusions to "selfish indulgence of emotions which some persons were apt to consider very praiseworthy," until I felt bitterly ashamed and humbled, and a breach, which seemed to widen day by day, opened between myself and her—the last friend I had left.

She had not been well or strong since a severe attack of influenza which she had suffered from in the winter; and her temper, grown more arbitrary and irritable from the time of her losses, was more exacting and more easily disturbed than ever of late.

She had set her mind to accomplish a marriage between Walter Hesketh and me, and was provoked beyond measure to find me resisting and repulsing him at the eleventh hour. She even began to talk coldly of my returning to Wymondstowe, and her going to reside with a distant relative of her own in Southampton, when she fell ill—a sudden, serious illness of a severe form of pneumonia, which was epidemic at the time.

I never dreamed of danger for her life until the physician's own words told me that he had little hope; and then, when, in alarm and grief, I sought to expend all my energies to alleviate her sufferings, and she asked me, for her sake, to be reconciled to Walter, I sent him a message; and an hour later he was by my side again, looking haggard

and ill, I thought; and, grown gentler in my fresh sorrow and remorse, I was almost tender to the man who loved me only too well.

"Loved you! He has loved you well and faithfully," Mrs. Allan said one evening, with feeble earnestness. She seemed easier than she had been through the day, although very weak. "You will never know how well, Gwendoline—raise my head higher. He has been son and friend, and protector and adviser, and everything to me, since I was left desolate and ruined. He has bestowed gifts and benefits on you and on me without number—more than you ever knew of. Ah, you may look! He begged me never to tell you; but I will tell you now—you ought to know. He is one of the best and most generous of men. But for him you and I might be both homeless and penniless this day."

Where did you think the money came from, Gwendoline, to pay a first-rate London physician's fee, and live in expensive Kensington lodgings? I hadn't it; and Walter begged me, with tears almost, to take it from him, and save your life. Stir up the fire, child—the room feels cold. Where could you find one like him? And yet you treat him as if he deserved nothing at your hands." She sank back exhausted, with a faint moan.

"Mother, I will do anything you wish," I said, trembling. "Walter is here now; we are good friends again. I will promise him anything you like."

"Will you?" she questioned, wistfully.

"Walter," I called, "come here."

And Walter came, and, standing with me beside her bed, I promised him in my own words that I would marry him as soon as he chose to claim my promise, were it to be the next day.

"Heaven bless you both, dears," Mrs. Allan said, with a bright smile, and she fell quietly asleep.

Towards midnight she awoke.

"Gwendoline," she began, in a loud voice, and eagerly, and then stopped, looking at me with a bewildered, troubled expression.

"What is it, mother?" I asked, gently.

"George, George—poor George's son!" she muttered, and then relapsed into stupor.

"Her mind is wandering—that is a bad symptom," I said to myself, in alarm, as I hastily prepared a few spoonfuls of warm wine-jelly, when the cup almost dropped from my hand in terror, as the silence of the sick-room was broken by a distressed gasping cry that came from the bed where the patient lay.

"Oh, Gwendoline, you ought—you ought—oh, my poor George's son!"

"Mother, what is it? What can I do?" I asked, soothingly, trying to lay her back on her pillows, for she had started up in a sitting position, and was looking from side to side, with a wild, beseeching gaze.

"You ought—oh, you ought—to go—to go," she said, her voice growing fainter, "where he is—oh, my dear George's son!"

"Mother, dear," I put in, trembling, "George is dead."

"No—no," she murmured, hoarsely, "he—George's son—"

I put a teaspoonful of cognac to her lips, and under the influence of the strong spirit the fading light in her eyes brightened again for a moment.

"George's son—oh, heaven, grant—George's son—give him my love," she whispered; and then the light in her eyes went out once more, never again to shine on earth.

So had Providence disposed anew of that which I had proposed; and, leaving the friend I loved and clung to—as the last one left to me, who had belonged to the bygone happy time of my life—lying in her quiet grave in a London suburban churchyard, I wearily strove to train myself to take up the burden of a strange and untried existence again, and to go back to Wymondstowe, to live there until Walter Hesketh came to claim the fulfillment of the promise I had made.

Mrs. Allan's death would of course delay the marriage, but Walter pleaded that, as it would be strictly private, there was no reason why it should not take place in August at the latest, especially as he expected an appointment to a foreign house in connection with the firm of Kinross, Kinross & Hesketh, either at Alexandria or Constantinople, before the end of the year.

But it was the middle of May before I could leave London, and I had not made a single preparation.

Upstairs, packed away in a corner, stood one locked and cloth-covered trunk, filled with wedding garments that had never been worn, and never would be now. By-and-by, in years to come, perhaps, I should unfold that bridal mantle and pearly silk—the dainty embroidered robes I had wrought so patiently at midnight hours with my own hands—and give them to some poor young maiden, who would gladly refashion them for her bridal adornment; but I should not touch or even look at them now. Some gayer, richer apparel would better suit Walter Hesketh's wife than the poor young sailor's bride. I had money enough; why should I not spend it in a manner befitting my lot, my wealthier station?

I had inherited Mrs. Allan's little property as well as George's—I possessed more than three hundred a year in my own right—who could tell what gibrics and pleasures in the shape of handsome Paris bonnets and gloves, rich silk dresses and embroidered under-skirts I might not possess?

I shrank from possessing any of the glories and pleasures as yet, however, and on the last evening of my stay in London sat silently sewing crape-folds on a black jacket, whilst my betrothed husband sat gloomily and almost silently watching me and my work, and Aunt Louisa strung jet beads for a necklace.

The latter had come up to London only a few days before, having been staying at Wymondstowe since Christmas, and was full of all manner of small gossip and news about the world of Ogglewhite, Leathorpe and Wymondstowe, comprising such items as that Mr. Caldwell's housekeeper had got married, and that Mr. Caldwell, every one said, was thinking of following her good example, for he had dined at the Jensens' for three Sundays running, and Miss Jensen was dressed up every day "like a doll," Sophia said. And Sophia herself had bought a black silk dress, and Jane had threatened to go away unless Miss Wymond engaged another servant as dairy-maid and helper, etc., etc.

"The Jensens are cousins of the Glynnes—your friends, you know," Louisa went on, affixing a jet pendant. "Miss Glynn was there on a visit two Sundays ago. She had a splendid jet necklace, like this, only bigger, and jet ear-rings and bracelets—oh, beautiful!—and such stylish mourning—a silk train to her dress, with that depth of deep crape, and her—"

"For whom is she in mourning?" I asked, in quick excitement.

"Her brother," said Louisa, opening her large eyes to an abnormal extent. "Didn't you know, Gwendoline? The poor fellow that died at sea when you—when poor George—you know."

"Is poor Harry Glynn dead?" I asked, the tears starting to my eyes. "He died in the hospital, then? I never knew. Walter, did you know? I never knew that Herbert Glynn had returned."

"Yes, I heard he had returned," Walter replied, merely glancing at me, and then looking away, whilst his fingers trifled nervously with things on the table. "I heard it a couple of weeks since; but I had no opportunity of telling you, if you remember, until the day on which Mrs. Allan died. Of course I did not mention it then."

There was a dark, flushed spot on his pale cheeks, and an angry glitter in his eye.

"No, no—of course," I rejoined, assentingly; "I had almost forgotten it altogether. Herbert Glynn was such a long time away."

"He did not go out until last August. Of what use was it? The sufferer was only a poor maniac, and could recognize no one," said Walter, impatiently. "They had written twice to the hospital authorities concerning him, and everything was done for him that could be done. They could do him no good by bringing him home; and, when Mr. Herbert Glynn—his uncle—did go out, he found they had all their trouble for nothing. The man wasn't Harry Glynn at all."

"Not Harry Glynn?" I exclaimed, breathlessly.

"No, no. Didn't I tell you so?" Walter said, brusquely, his eyes glittering angrily again, and the pallor of his face changing to a dusky flush. "It was no more Harry Glynn than I am—not in the slightest degree like him. Mr. Herbert said, except that he was tall, and rather fair of skin. The mistake occurred very easily from the circumstances under which he and the Portuguese sailor were saved. The sailor never saw the man, who he said was the second mate, as he had to be kept in strict seclusion, being extremely violent in his frenzy."

"And who was the man?" I asked. In spite of myself, my very lips had grown white, and my work had fallen from my trembling fingers to the floor.

"One of the crew, of course," Walter Hesketh replied, looking steadily at me; and there was a lurking sneer in his eyes, and around his finely-cut, sarcastic mouth, such as I had seen there often when giving way to my fears and misgivings concerning George's safety in those dark, weary Summer days two years before—"a brawny, muscular man, when he was in health, Mr. Glynn said; but a wretched, emaciated-looking object then, with a yellow, swarthy, sullen face, and close-cropped dark hair. His madness has taken a melancholy form, the doctors say. He never speaks, or even eats, unless they compel him. Mr. Glynn said his first emotion was one of deep thankfulness that his poor nephew was quiet in his grave, instead of undergoing a wretched, hopeless existence like that."

"And does no one recognize him? Has he no friends to care about him, poor fellow?" I persisted, tremulously, although I felt some fear of annoying Walter.

"It would be rather difficult to find any one who could recognize him," Walter replied, with a cold smile, "unless some one went through all the friends and relatives of the crew of the *Albatross*, suggesting to them that it was their husband, or son, or brother who was in the Lunatic Asylum at the Cape of Good Hope—which would be rather mistaken kindness, I fancy. In all probability the poor fellow has died by this time, as the physicians pronounced him to be in a sinking state when Mr. Glynn was there."

"Poor fellow! And didn't he know anybody?" asked Louisa, with an awe-struck face.

"No, he knew nobody—could not even tell his own name," said Walter, gravely. "It is a very painful subject. Had we not better change it?"

He looked directly and inquiringly at me as he spoke, and under the control and influence of that look I could only reply as I did.

"Yes, Walter, it is a painful subject," I spoke with timidity, and repressed the heavy sigh I feared to allow myself.

Fear and timidity? Yes, so far had his influence power over me. Even had I loved Walter Hesketh, I should always have feared him. The gnawing pain of the consciousness that I did not, nor ever could, love him, made me fear him a hundred times more.

But I strove at all times to do my duty towards him as his betrothed wife, as I should do it by-and-by when I was wedded to him—his, to have and to hold till death. By deep obligations, by a death-bed promise, by the weight of a gift of strong, passionate, faithful love, accepted, but without any equivalent, I was bound to him; and never, even when my very soul shrank with cold dread from the future, did I think of release from the vow I had made—not even when—returned and settled down in dreary Wymondstowe once more—the burning consciousness of the loveless marriage that was to be my portion haunted me day and night.

Of course, I tried to exercise it as many another miserable woman has done, by compelling her thoughts to dwell almost exclusively on the adornment of her body, whilst her wretched soul covered in sackcloth and ashes. I grew almost reckless in my fashionable tastes and desires, to my aunt Sophia's unutterable dismay, and day after day sat busily discussing and adjusting with my workwoman the set of a flounce, or the color of a fringe, in that poor little garret-like room up-stairs, filled to overflowing with wedding finery, looking out ever and anon as I did so over the road where I had seen the last glimpse of George, as my love went away for ever from me. My betrothed, generous as was his wont in such matters towards me, would have heaped costly gifts in addition on me, had there been a possibility of inducing me to accept them. Even the engagement-ring he brought me I refused; because of his annoyance and displeasure I temporized in another manner. I brought out of my desk a small morocco jewel-case, and gave it to him unopened.

"There is a ring in that, Walter," I said, in a low tone—"a ring you gave George. You remember it? An opal ring. There is a superstition concerning opals bringing their possessor sorrow; however that may be, that ring is connected with too much sorrow for me to care ever to wear it; but—bu: I do not care to part with it. If you would not mind, Walter—if you don't think it foolish of me—I should like to have that stone removed and another substituted; and then I will accept it with pleasure from you."

Walter laughed rather constrainedly.

"Certainly, I will have it done, since you wish it; but the setting is of little value compared to the gem. It is a costly and beautiful stone, and you are a foolish young lady to part with it. See how it flashes and glows."

"It does," I said, somewhat wonderingly. "Walter, do you think there is any truth in the old superstition about the opal being a sort of talisman?"

"Perhaps so," answered he, smiling. "It is burning and radiant now, as if it held a portent of all manner of brightness and happiness for you—don't you think so?"

His manner—tenderer and gayer than it often was—emboldened me a little.

"It is bright and radiant now," I said, looking at the gem and its restless, dawning fires; "but—but, Walter, do you know, when I looked last at that ring—when I was ill—it had no brilliancy, it was pale and dull—it was, indeed, Walter."

"Precisely, and it has brightened with your

brightening life. Did I not say so?" he returned, smiling still. "And, after all, the poor opal must be banished. In that case, my dear, I think I will have it set for myself—what do you say?"

"No, don't, Walter," said I, nervously; "it may bring you sorrow, too."

His face flushed with pleasure—poor Walter! "Nothing can bring me sorrow as long as I have you, my dearest," he answered, passionately.

And on the following week I received from the house of a first-rate London jeweler a small packet containing the peculiar dull gold setting I knew so well clasped on the facets of a splendid diamond.

"I have had your despoiled opal set as a pin," Walter wrote to me; "and it looks so handsome that I fully expect you will covet it terribly when you see it next, which will not be until I rejoin you to leave you no more, as I fear another holiday will be an impossibility before my Autumn leave."

That was at the end of June. July came, and soon passed away. On the twentieth of August I was to be married to Walter Hesketh.

On the third of August I went to St. Omar's as the nearest town of importance, to get some articles for my dressmaker. It was an intensely still, bright, warm morning, and whilst I arranged my dress and wrappings in my phaeton, which was to take me to the station—the phaeton having received new lease of life in the shape of a coat of paint and varnish and blue cushions, in honor of Mr. Hesketh—several members of the household came round me.

"You won't forget the white lace for Miss Louisa's dress, Miss Gwendoline?" said the workwoman, anxiously; "we'll never match it if you do."

"Oh, don't forget it, Gwendine dear, whatever you do!" called Louisa.

Poor Lou, for the first and only time in her life, was to have the honor and glory of being a bridesmaid, and, Walter having presented her with a splendid pale-blue silk dress for the occasion, which was to be furthermore trimmed with white lace, Louisa was in an agony of excitement on the subject.

"Don't forget the oil-cake from Bolis's, Simon," put in Aunt Sophia, with her own grim pleasantry; "that's of rather more importance than white lace, I think."

"Simon, don't lose the train, please," I added, shortly; "it will be twelve o'clock before you are in Ogglewhite."

"Your bonnet will be ruined this day with the sun and dust," chimed in my aunt Sophia, having absolutely nothing else uncomfortable to say. "To take that nice black tulle and white crape roses such a journey!"

"Surely black tulle and white crape roses are not of any more importance than white lace," I said, impatiently. "Such perishable follies are not worth a moment's serious consideration, Aunt Sophia."

"Only so far as to prevent the outlay of money on them, which might be so much more worthily employed," rejoined my aunt, promptly and austere.

"In buying oil-cake," I retorted, and Simon grinned as he adjoined the stiff-limbed cart-horse, which was the phaeton's steed, to "get up."

As the horse paced slowly round by the front entrance, Louisa's figure appeared on the door-steps, and in some astonishment I saw her come limping down the steps and along the road after us, panting and laughing, holding one of her boots in her hand.

"I am going to—that you mayn't—forget—my white lace!" she gasped. "I'm going to throw my boot after you for—luck!"

I sprang up in the phaeton with outstretched hands.

"Louisa, do not—do not!" I screamed, in wild entreaty. "I'll bring it—I'll bring it to you! Don't do that, Louisa, for heaven's sake!"

"Miss Lou, I wonder at you—to be so foolish!" said Simon, severely. "Miss Gwendine won't forget your things, never fear."

And, as we drove along, poor rough kindly Simon, looking askance at my averted head and veiled face, strove to evince his sympathy by tucking and arranging the rugs over and over again, with a kind of groaning sigh, varied by stormy adjurations to the sleepy horse to "get up for a brute beast."

Four miles of the low coast-road had been traversed before Simon ventured to speak.

"It's a wonder Miss Lou 'ud be so foolish now," he began, in a low, uncertain voice. "Them sort o' kind o' old country notions, 'bout throwin' shoes 'an' that, are foolish like."

"It came true enough once, whatever may be said about the evil omen. I could not help remembering that, Simon," I said, my tears falling fast as I spoke.

"Yes—es—es! Lora, yes—es—es!" Simon assented, shaking his head and giving vent to another groaning sigh. "That came true, surely. To—be sure! Poor Mr. George! A nice, pleasant, comely-looking young fellow as one 'ud see. Rare pleasant an' kind he was! 'Tisn't what I'd ought to talk 'ye, Miss Gwendine, now; but I was rare sorry for ye. Jane could tell 'e, miss, I was. Well, well! Jane she cried sore, she did. 'I never saw anybody as pleasant in 'er house before,' she says, 'an' I never shall again!' she says—Jane says; an' she cried sore, when she heard tell. 'But,' says I, 'esn't he better off, woman? Do 'e forget o' that?' says I. The dead's better off, Miss Gwendine, than we be, when they die in the Lord—they won't return to us never more, but we'll go to them."

There was a minute's silence, and a ray of sunlight, as I raised my ungloved hand to adjust my veil, caught the facets of the diamond in my ring with a flash of dazzling brilliance.

"It is well," I thought, I drearily, looking at the token of my bond whereby I had pledged myself, my life, my very thoughts, away from him who had been—who was—my first, last, and only love, to another—

"Him that other reigning in his place, Lord of his rights."

"It is well the dead cannot return to see that their name and place are forgotten—to see that there is no room for them anywhere—not even in the hearts that loved them best."

"You won't be later than the six o'clock train, Miss Gwendine?" Simon said, anxiously, as he drove into the Ogglewhite station. "Cause Miss Sophia is powerful mad when the horse's out late, an' she'll want to see the oil-cake cut up, too."

"No, no, of course not. What should detain me?" I inquired, indifferently; but, as I was seated in the carriage, I added, "If anything should detain me, Simon, I will stay in St. Omar's until Saturday; so, if I don't come by the six o'clock train, do not wait."

"Very well," said Simon, reluctantly; "but you'll come, if you can, Miss Gwendine. What 'ud keep ye?"

"How can I tell?" I returned, carelessly, as the whistle sounded, and the train was off.

"What should keep me, indeed?" I repeated, and the words seemed to re-echo from the walls of the carriage in which I sat alone. What interests or ties or friendships were there in St. Omar's now for me?

The pretty little seaside town which George and I had both loved, both thought of as our future

brightening life. Did I not say so?" he returned, smiling still. "And, after all, the poor opal must be banished. In that case, my dear, I think I will have it set for myself—what do you say?"

"No, don't, Walter," said I, nervously; "it may bring you sorrow, too."

His face flushed with pleasure—poor Walter! "Nothing can bring me sorrow as long as I have you, my dearest," he answered, passionately.

And on the following week I received from the house of a first-rate London jeweler a small packet containing the peculiar dull gold setting I knew so well clasped on the facets of a splendid diamond.

"I have had your despoiled opal set as a pin," Walter wrote to me; "and it looks so handsome that I fully expect you will covet it terribly when you see it next, which will not be until I rejoin you to leave you no more, as I fear another holiday will be an impossibility before my Autumn leave."

That was at the end of June. July came, and soon passed away. On the twentieth of August I was to be married to Walter Hesketh.

On the third of August I went to St. Omar's as the nearest town of importance, to get some articles for my dressmaker. It was an intensely still, bright, warm morning, and whilst I arranged my dress and wrappings in my phaeton, which was to take me to the station—the phaeton having received new lease of life in the shape of a coat of paint and varnish and blue cushions, in honor of Mr. Hesketh—several members of the household came round me.

"You won't forget the white lace for Miss Louisa's dress, Miss Gwendoline?" said the workwoman, anxiously; "we'll never match it if you do."

"Oh, don't forget it, Gwendine dear, whatever you do!" called Louisa.

Poor Lou, for the first and only time in her life, was to have the honor and glory of being a bridesmaid, and, Walter having presented her with a splendid pale-blue silk dress for the occasion, which was to be furthermore trimmed with white lace, Louisa was in an agony of excitement on the subject.

"Don't forget the oil-cake from Bolis's, Simon," put in Aunt Sophia, with her own grim pleasantry; "that's of rather more importance than white lace, I think."

"Simon, don't lose the train, please," I added, shortly; "it will be twelve o'clock before you are in Ogglewhite."

"Your bonnet will be ruined this day with the sun and dust," chimed in my aunt Sophia, having absolutely nothing else uncomfortable to say. "To take that nice black tulle and white crape roses such a journey!"

"Surely black tulle and white crape roses are not of any more importance than white lace," I said, impatiently. "Such perishable follies are not worth a moment's serious consideration, Aunt Sophia."

"Only so far as to prevent the outlay of money on them, which might be so much more worthily employed," rejoined my aunt, promptly and austere.

"In buying oil-cake," I retorted, and Simon grinned as he adjoined the stiff-limbed cart-horse, which was the phaeton's steed, to "get up."

As the horse paced slowly round by the front entrance, Louisa's figure appeared on the door-steps, and in some astonishment I saw her come limping down the steps and along the road after us, panting and laughing, holding one of her boots in her hand.

"I am going to—that you mayn't—forget—my white lace!" she gasped. "I'm going to throw my boot after you for—luck!"

I sprang up in the phaeton with outstretched hands.

"Louisa, do not—do not!" I screamed

home, how pretty it looked to-day, as, in the warm, purple glow of early afternoon, the train came in sight of it! The deep blue sea, shimmering in the sunshine, the soft murmur of the waves, the gleam of snow-white or brick-red buildings, the shadowy green of embowering trees, the still glitter of the vases on the tall church spires, the ripe perfume of orchards and gardens—all greeted me.

Over there, on the slope of that hill facing the sea, were the groves and copses, the wide-sweeping woodland stretches and grassy park, of Grayfriars. There, just between that group of massive chestnut-trees, gleamed out a gray outline of one angle of the Lodge—my dear old home. If I had never left it—if I had lived there in loneliness and poverty, lived there until my last hour—that would have been happiness, I wildly thought. But I had lost it—I had lost it! And then the train stopped, and I had to get out, to calm my face and voice and manner, for my bridal purchases were waiting to be made, and Maltese lace and white satin ribbons were articles requiring clear eyesight and thoughtful discrimination.

But my weary steps lagged with my heavy heart, my multifarious errands and commissions seemed to multiply as I grew more and more tired, and the afternoon waned, until about four o'clock I slowly made my way to an old-fashioned, quiet inn, standing in a quiet, sunny, flagged-by-street, running up-hill, like most of the St. Omar streets, whose landlady I had known well in former days—a respectable, cheerful, motherly body, who came out, in her grand silk gown and pink cap-ribbons, to give me a warm welcome.

She had tea prepared for me in her own parlor—such a tea as motherly, cheerful landladies know so well how to prepare—the beverage itself hot, strong, and altogether delicious; the butter—a fresh pat—like a cowpat; the biscuits crisp; the broiled ham a marvel of roasted, succulent, savory delicacy; the eggs, like amber constellations, surrounding it. It was impossible not to enjoy such a repast; and I did enjoy it, as I sat and talked to my hostess.

The time passed on; the evening bells of the old cathedral hard by began to ring out sweetly on the still warm air. It was so pleasant, it was hard to leave it—the rest, the solitude, the peace, the beauty of the fair old slumberous town—and go back to Wymondstowe, to my wedding preparations, to my unloved coming bridegroom, to my unwelcome coming future.

Softly the bells rang on, and the sweet chiming echoes floated up far above the busy life of the town—far up in the golden evening air, towards the golden gates of heaven. They touched my miserable, restless, unsatisfied heart with a sense of peace—a sense of the great wise overruling infinite love, "too wise to err, too good to be unkind."

At this moment my landlady re-entered the room, with a half-alarmed, disturbed face.

"My dear Miss Wymond," she began, uneasily, "I am very sorry—I ought to have remembered. I never thought of it until John, our waiter, reminded me—the train goes at a quarter to six now, and—"

"Is gone!" I said, starting up hurriedly. "It is, indeed, I am afraid—yes—there's the whistle! It's gone, Miss Wymond. I'm very sorry, my dear. You couldn't go by the next one, you said?"

"No," I returned, sitting down helplessly; "I should only have to stay in Oglewhite until Saturday. You must shelter me for a couple of days, Mrs. Haslitt, I suppose."

"That I will, with the greatest pleasure, Miss Wymond," rejoined my hostess, cordially.

"And so," said I to myself, with a bewildered sensation, partly of pain and surprise, and still more of keen pleasure, whilst I sat in the twilight to listen to the sweet chiming again, "for a little while I am living in St. Omar's once more." I little imagined how missing the train would affect the whole of my future life.

(To be continued.)

THE LAST SKATING PARTY OF THE SEASON.

SCENE IN CENTRAL PARK.

OUR old inhabitants who are wont to speak contemptuously of modern Winters, and tell us stories of the olden-time when Winter came with heavy snow-storms, ice-bound rivers, intense cold, perils by land and sea, and who recite tales of our own climate that sound like adventures in the Arctic regions, must acknowledge that we have this season experienced all the requirements of what our forefathers termed "an old-fashioned Winter."

But if we have experienced the rigors and inconveniences of Arctic rigidity, we have also had an unusual opportunity for enjoying the pleasures of Winter. The merry sleigh-bells have enlivened our roads. Hearts have beaten all the warmer beneath the buffalo-ropes on account of the contrast of the cold snow-fields over which the cutters dashed; and on the polished surface of the frozen lakes and streams a harvest of joy and mirth has been reaped by the merry skaters. The frozen pond in Central Park has afforded our citizens an opportunity of indulging in the healthy exercise of skating, and many, no doubt, regret that the warm sun of Spring has deprived them of their favorite pastime. Among the throng who have made the lake a popular resort, are many ladies whose presence has added greatly to the attraction of the scene. The heightened beauty that comes with the bracing air, and the graceful movements necessary to skillfully glide over the smooth ice, add charms to a lady on skates far superior to any picture of a ball-room beauty bedecked with silks and jewels. No wonder the young men in our artist's sketch are taken in tow by the quartet of blooming damsels. Many a man has followed less alluring leaders. In their memories of the skating season will live this bright little scene.

CARLYLE AND TENNYSON.

A LONDON letter to the Boston Post gives the following personal notes about the philosopher and the poet-laureate: "Carlyle goes on the even and rather morose tenor of his way in the very commonplace and unpicturesque suburb of Chelsea. He has lived for many years in a very plain house, on a small side street, called Cheyne Walk, the interior of his home being plain to almost dreariness. Since his wife's death, his accomplished niece, Mrs. Mary Carlyle Aiken, has looked after the grim old philosopher's creature comforts, which are few, for he lives with a Puritan-like, not to say Spartan, simplicity. I have often seen him taking his regular afternoon walk through the Chelsea streets, sometimes with a friend like Froude, Ruskin, or our own countryman, Moncreux Conway, but usually alone, with a very old felt hat askew on his thick, stubby, gray head; and a more gloomy, unsocial, cynical old man is seldom to be seen. No one could pass him without taking note of him; his face would attract the attention of a

street-urchin, so singularly expressive of a wholly unusual character is it. He is very tall and thin, low-cheeked; his eyes, dull and glassy, are deep-sunk in their sockets; he wears a rough, short, tangled beard and mustache, white, all but here and there a stray streak of brown; his form is bent, and he stalks on in the gloomiest apparent indifference to the world about him. At home he occupies a harum-scarum study at the top of the house most of the day; of this, sometimes, when closeted with a friend, he makes a bear-garden, with his hurried pacing of the floor and his bitter and voluble homilies about the littleness of mankind. Carlyle was right in declining to be gazetted as a Grand Commander of the Bath; it would be a very incongruous ornament for such a man, despising society as he does, and knowing very well that he needs no superficial gliding to his golden fame.

"The poet-laureate Tennyson is by no means so indifferent to the comforts and elegances of this life as the hermit of Cheyne Walk. He lives in great luxury, in a poetically picturesque country mansion, rich in its architecture and lavish and tasteful in its adornments and knickknacks. There are about it terraces and fountains, greeneries and flower-parterres, avenues and lawns; it is the mansion of a rich man of high taste and culture. Here, for the most part, both Summer and Winter, the most eminent of England's poets passes his time. It is rarely that he appears in the London streets, and more rarely that his presence is obtained in the hospitable houses of the West End. But I have caught occasional glimpses of him in the 'city' and the book-store quarter of Paternoster Row. He is tall, gaunt, shaggy-haired, with a ragged-looking beard and long, straggling locks of a light brown, very much tinged with gray. He wore a big slouch hat and a cloak when I last saw him, and were it not for a pair of deep, dreamy eyes, there would be nothing in the least poetic in his appearance. Indeed, he is almost shabby to the outward eye; his manner shy, and his apparent endeavor is to pass hither and thither quite unnoticed. I hear that he is greatly bored by people—in large degree Americans, I am sorry to say—who go down to his country-house and insist on seeing him, much as they would Tom Thumb or the crown-jewels. He gets bushels of letters begging for autographs, which he never by any chance answers, and is said to have remarked that enough stamps were inclosed in these to give him a practical franking privilege. Those who (few in number) are received at the poet's fireside as his friends speak in glowing terms of his kindly and genial hospitality, and his sometimes almost childish playfulness. He is full of anecdotes, and likes to talk of his own literary experiences. His library is said to be a model of coziness and elegant taste, and his gardens, which he loves, are described as beautiful and well kept."

"THEM GRASSHOPPERS."

HE looked into the waiting-room at the Central Depot, saw an elderly lady come there waiting to go West, and then, after making sure that the special policeman was not around, he entered the room. He was a man who had seen other days, that was plain. His plug hat was years old, his coat shone with age and grease, and there was no collar on his neck. A policeman would have mentally recorded him as a "vag" without a moment's hesitation, and the fellow would have stood a chance of being trotted to the Central Station.

"My good friends," he commenced, as he approached the innocent old couple from Vermont, "for heaven's sake, help me a little."

"Who are you?" asked the husband, struck with the bummer's lonesome voice and general hard look.

"Name's Jones—Kansas—grasshoppers!" replied the man, turning away his head as if deeply affected.

"Be you one of those poor unfortunates who were almost ate up by the grasshoppers?" exclaimed the woman, her sympathies all aroused.

"The same, madame," sighed Jones; "had to leave the State—going to New Hampshire—got as far as here and money gave out; heaven only knows what will become of us."

"Are you married?" she asked.

"Yes'm—wife'n nine children; they're out here on the commons in a wagon, all sick and shivering with the cold!"

"I've heard about them grasshoppers; were they very thick?" asked the man.

"Thick!" echoed Jones; "you couldn't tell the difference 'twixt day and night, and the roaring of their wings made us deaf."

"My grasshaws! wasn't that awful!" sighed the woman.

"I had a hundred acres of corn, fifty of wheat, thirty of oats—nice meadow—lots of fruit, but the grasshoppers made a beggar of me in five hours," continued Jones.

"They ate the stuff right up, did they?"

"Ate! Why, the farm looked as if a fire had passed over it! They took everything—even chewed up log chains. I timed 'em on one hundred rods of fence, and every mouthful of it went in thirty-seven minutes by the watch."

"I never heard of the likes!" exclaimed the man.

"There's folks East here who don't believe it," continued Jones; "but it is a solemn fact that the grasshoppers chewed up iron wedges, gnawed boards out'n the barns, bit plow-points all up, and if we hadn't hid our horses in the cellar, they'd have been munched, sure."

"And you had to leave?"

"Yes; sold my land for eleven dollars, got my family into a wagon, and I started East. Been one hundred and eighty days coming this far, and buried two children on the way. Lor' only knows what's to become of us! I wish I was in this river out there; then my heart wouldn't be bustin' with grief and trouble."

"Poor man!" sighed the woman. "Ebenezer, let's give him two dollars."

"Two dollars is a pile of money," mused the man.

"But it's an awful sad case, Ebenezer—nuff to tech a heart of flint."

"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," added Jones, as he drew his sleeve across his nose.

"Wal, I s'pose it's a hard case, and we won't be any poorer for givin' two dollars," said the husband, as he pulled out his wallet, and handed out a two-dollar bill.

"Thanks, my kind friend," replied Jones. "I hope you will never see the trouble I'm having. This'll buy us medicine and provisions, and kinder help us along like; and I feel as if I could throw my arms around ye, and hug you for your kindness."

"That's all right," said the husband.

"I wish it was ten!" said the woman, as she shook Jones's outstretched hand.

He slid out, and ten minutes afterwards might have been seen in a saloon pouring bad gin out of a tall decanter, and remarking to the bar-keeper:

"Say, old pard, was it in Virginia or Kansas that the grasshoppers was so thick?"

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A LOAN COLLECTION of scientific apparatus will be opened at South Kensington about the beginning of June next.

ACCORDING to a Times telegram from Berlin, the Khédive has instructed Dr. Schweinfurth to organize an African Geographical Society in Egypt.

GLACIERS have been discovered by the Dall expedition, on the coast of Alaska. There are no less than twenty-four of these in a stretch of 160 miles. Mount St. Elias proves not to be a volcano, contrary to the statements of all the old voyagers. It has, moreover, been assigned the honor of being the highest peak on the North American Continent.

TO MAKE GLUE FOR RESISTING FIRE, proceed as follows: Mix a handful of quicklime in four ounces of linseed-oil; boil to a good thickness, then spread on plates in the shade, and it will become exceedingly hard, but may be easily dissolved over the fire, and used as ordinary glue. It resists fire after having been used for gluing substances together.

A PATENT has been recently taken out in France for the preparation of leather from tripe, intestines, and other animal membranes. These are soaked in milk and lime while still fresh, then washed and immersed in water, and finally in a paste made of starch and white of egg. The substance thus formed is to be used for glove-making, etc. The material may also be tanned or curried.

THE INCREASE in the cultivation of beet-root in Europe for the manufacture of sugar is said to be causing great loss to the cane-sugar planters in Cuba, who have been at an enormous outlay for machinery and labor to produce the fine class of sugar that is exported from thence. Should the European manufacture and consumption of beet-sugar go on increasing as it has done during the past four years, serious changes are anticipated in the cane-sugar productions all over the West Indies.

PROF. SCHNEITZER, of Lausanne, has published a paper on some researches which he has made with regard to the common frog (*Rana temporaria*). He had put fertilized eggs of frogs into colorless glass vessels, and others into green colored ones; he found the development of the young animals to be remarkably slow in the green glasses, and ascribes the fact to the total absence of ozone in these glasses. The colorless glasses contain ozone constantly, whereas in the green ones there never was a trace.

IT HAS BEEN FOUND by DR. R. C. TIERBORN that the printing-ink employed in works published during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries differs from modern printing-ink in being soluble in ammonia. Carbon appears to have formed, from the first, the basis of printing-ink; and, consequently, all printed matter resists the action of acids and bleaching agents. But some of the early specimens of printing are so easily affected by alkalies, that the characters float off the paper when placed in a weak solution of ammonia.

THE KÖLNISCHER ZEITUNG of February 7th contains an abstract of a paper read by M. G. Wox, at the Geographical Society of Vienna, on the decrease of water in rivers and sources. The author states that the result of his observations tend to show the constant increase of seas. It appears from them that the levels of the German rivers are now much lower than they were fifty years ago, viz.: the Elbe, 17 in.; the Rhine, 24-8 in.; the Oder, 17 in.; the Vistula, 26 in.; the Danube, 55 in. As a reason for this decrease, the author gives the progressing devastations of forests, which causes a decrease in the atmospheric moisture they attract and convey to the soil and thence to sources.

"THE QUESTION OF THE CREMATION OF THE DEAD," says the *France*, "has advanced a step in France. This is not yet a solution, but it is a progress towards one. In August, of last year, the Municipal Council of Paris, while approving, in principle, of the establishment of a cemetery at Méry-sur-Oise, expressed the desire that cremation should be made optional by law, and that a prize should be offered for the most rapid and economical method of burning bodies. The Prefect of the Seine, in execution of that wish, has now appointed a committee, of which M. Herold, Vice-President of the Council, is chairman, to fix the conditions of the competition."

A CURE FOR LOCK-JAW.—In the course of the Cantor Lectures delivered before the London Society of Arts by Dr. Benjamin Richardson, the following deeply important remarks were made upon nitrite of amyl: "One of these specimens—I mean the nitrite of amyl—has within these last few years obtained a remarkable importance owing to its extraordinary action upon the body. A distinguished chemist, Professor Guthrie, while distilling over nitrite of amyl from amyl alcohol, observed that the vapor, when inhaled, quickened his circulation, and made him feel as if he had been running. There was flushing of his face, rapid action of his heart, and breathlessness. In 1861-2 I made a careful and prolonged study of the action of this singular body, and discovered that it produced its effect by causing an extreme relaxation, first of the blood-vessels, and afterwards of the muscular fibres of the body. To such an extent did this agent thus relax, I found it would even overcome the tetanic spasm produced by strychnia; and, having thus discovered its action, I ventured to propose its use for removing the spasms in some of the extreme tetanic diseases. The results have more than realized my expectations. Under the influence of this agent one of the most agonizing of known human maladies, called angina pectoris, has been brought under such control that the paroxysms have been regularly prevented, and, in one instance at least, altogether removed. Even tetanus, or lock-jaw, has been subdued by it, and in two instances of an extreme kind so effectively as to warrant the credit of what may be truly called a cure."

BOOK NOTICE.

THE GAME OF DRAW-POKER, MATHEMATICALLY ILLUSTRATED. BY HENRY T. WINTERBLOSSOM, Professor of Mathematics. WM. H. MURPHY, Publisher, 65 Fulton Street, N. Y.

The game of Draw-Poker is confessedly, *par excellence*, the American game of cards, and since Minister Schenck has introduced it among the British nobility, by the publication of his "Rules of the Game," it bids fair to attain a widespread popularity in transatlantic circles. The work before us is intended not only for the tyro but the expert. It treats the subject in a brief but comprehensive manner, and with quite a tinge of philosophy. Starting with the proposition that men always have gambled, and probably always will gamble, it asserts that this infatuation has its life in the ignorance of the laws of chance—that if those laws were well understood gaming would receive a severe check, and be indulged in by its votaries in a less reckless and ruinous manner. The author, not discouraged by the popular idea that "cheek" is the most important element in this game, endeavors quite ingeniously and successfully to apply to it all the mathematical principles applicable to its varying phases. He shows the average value of each hand before and after the draw, instructs the player as to the most advantageous way of drawing and discarding, points out many fallacies which amount almost to a superstition among ordinary players, and gives the most thorough insight into the true principles which should govern this most popular, seductive and sometimes expensive amusement. In the matter of rules of play and in disputed questions the book will have permanent value as an authority.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. AND MRS. SARTON will return to Europe in May.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK laughs, sings and dances as lively as ever.

CARL ROSA has erected a \$6,400 monument over the remains of the lamented Parepa.

CLARK MILLS took a plaster cast of Bishop Ames's head last week, for a marble bust.

A DAUGHTER of William Butler Duncan will be wedded to Lord Roseberry, son of the Duchess of Cleveland, after Lent.

GLADSTONE is determined to keep up his fight against the Ultramontanes. He is now going to Rome to secure material for another thunderbolt.

Mlle. ANGELO is said to be the most beautiful actress in Paris—form, feature, coloring are all perfect, save her hands, which are large and clumsily shaped.

KING ALFONSO gained much praise for his coolness when undergoing the baptism of fire, not flinching when several soldiers were shot down near his side.

THE Pope, with his average monthly income of \$2,000,000, is beginning to relax in the rigor of his self-imprisonment, and has actually walked down to St. Peter's. He did it in a sly way; but it was the first time he has ventured outside the Vatican since Emmanuel's entry.

MR. FRANK of Mississippi stepped from a seat in the United States Senate to that of Postmaster of Vicksburg. He is succeeded at the National Capitol by Branch K. Bruce, a full-blooded negro, who has risen from a slave and steamboat porter to a circle from which Presidents have sometimes been chosen.

It will surprise no one if all scientific men are driven from China. The late Emperor died of smallpox, and as the disease broke out on the very day the transit of Venus occurred, the death of the ruler is attributed to this event; and all the foreign and native observers are regarded as accessory to the demise.

In their denunciation of the process of cremation, two English bishops regard fire in directly opposite lights. One, Dr. Wordsworth, says it is a symbol of punishment, and is looked upon as the special doom of the wicked; the other, Dr. Selwyn, says it is a symbol of purification, and, therefore, too sacred for such common employment.

MEMORÉ SEVIN, the popular novelist of Florence, is just now the subject of considerable gossip. He is a remarkably prolific writer; but one would hardly expect a man of his genius to engage to write an attractive novel once a month during 1875. Yet this is what he has done, and two exquisite pieces have already been published.

DR. NEWMAN, pastor of the Metropolitan M. E. Church, Washington, has returned from his two-years' tour for the inspection of our Consular Service, and re-entered the pulpit. He received for this official labor \$10,000 per year, and his wife, under the guise of a private secretary, \$2,500. We have yet to see what fruit all this money has bought for the country.

MR. MOSES has achieved a full swing of the political teeter. When Governor of South Carolina he was constantly going up, money kept pouring into his purse by occult means, and he became as rich as the Treasury itself. Now he is down, in fact about as far down as he can get and remain outside a debtor's cell. His liabilities are \$93,451.50, and his assets \$1,200, and those heavily mortgaged.

THE friends of the late Canon Kingsley in England are subscribing for three memorials of him—the enlargement and improvement of his old church at Eversley, as he had wished; the erection of a chapel at Bramhill, a neighboring hamlet, and busts in marble by Woolver, one to be placed in Westminster Abbey and another at Cambridge University. His American friends are asked to subscribe.

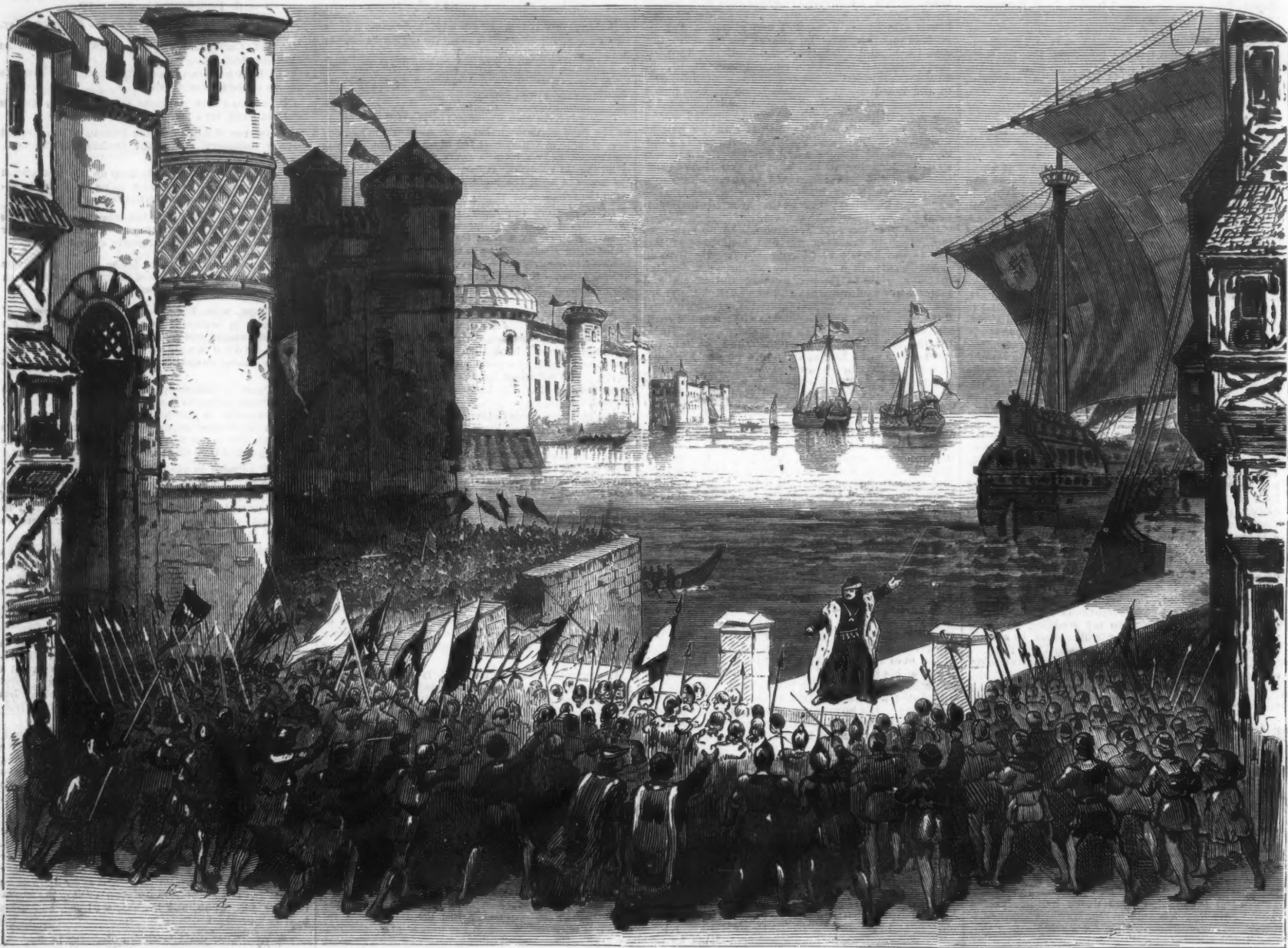
LILIAN ADELAIDE NELSON, who will appear at Booth's Theatre, New York, on the withdrawal of "Henry V.," is a native of Saragossa, Spain, and was born in 1849. Her father was Spanish; her mother, English; but at her debut in London, when sixteen years of age, she adopted her mother's name, and has used it, for stage purposes, since. She married Philip Lee, son of an Oxford Professor and Episcopal minister, holding a rectory near London.

YUNG WING, Chief of the Chinese Educational Commission, at Hartford, Conn., was married to Miss Mary L. Kellogg, in Avon. Messrs. Yeh Shu Tung, manager, and Yung Yun Foo, teacher, of the Commission at Hartford, were present at the ceremony in national costume; but the groom, who has long since adopted our style, appeared in full evening-dress. The bride wore a dress of white tulle, imported expressly for the occasion from China, and elaborately trimmed with floss silk embroidery, and also the customary marriage-veil.

THE Hon. M. C. KERR of Indiana, who is prominently spoken of as the new Speaker of the House of Representatives, was born in Titusville, Pa., March 15th, 1827, and after receiving a common-school education he studied law at the Louisville University, graduating in 1851. As reporter of the Supreme Court of Indiana he compiled five volumes of Law Reports, in which he displayed great talent. He was one of the most prominent of the anti-Administration representatives in 1872, and is respected for his high character, courteous demeanor and scholarly attainments. He was a member of the Thirty-ninth, Fortieth, Forty-first and Forty-second Congresses, and was re-elected to the Forty-fourth.

THE best way to preserve the peace of Europe is for the combined Powers to petition the Pope to live for ever. Each State has a candidate for the succession, and Bismarck is particularly anxious to have his favorite—Cardinal Hohenlohe—win the mitre and keys. France will object to his candidature as she did to the pretensions of his relative to the Spanish throne. So France must be pacified, or war will follow the Cardinal's election. Then Austria must be "seen," for her Emperor will not renounce his historical right to exclude from the Consistory such candidates of whom he does not approve. Between these two Powers Bismarck will find it difficult to secure the annulment of the decrees of the Council of 1870.

A VERY characteristic story comes from Rome of Signor Minghetti, Premier of Italy. The Ministers of the Kingdom are daily besieged by committees of the Internationals in quest of all manner of concessions. Minghetti stood the attack as long as possible; but one day he was informed that a most belligerent-looking set of fellows demanded an immediate interview. He sent them an invitation to meet him at his house, and, hurrying home, was leisurely reading a paper in his parlor, surrounded by his children, when the "Reds" were summoned. The spokesman opened at once. "We come, sir, to demand—" "One moment, gentlemen," he interrupted; "I am very hungry; this is my dinner-hour; will you partake of my hospitality? I will talk with you afterwards." They could not decline an invitation so polite, and in the Minister's Sicilian wine they drowned their animosity, and at the conclusion of dinner, when Minghetti said, "Now, gentlemen!" the leader said, "Pardon, signor; we came on unpleasant business. Your excellency has been too kind to us poor men; we have nothing to ask—accept our thanks, and grant us permission to retire." He has had few interruptions since.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE EMBARKATION AT SOUTHAMPTON.—SCENE FROM SHAKESPEARE'S "HENRY V.," ACT I., AS REPRESENTED AT BOOTH'S THEATRE.

"HENRY V." AT BOOTH'S THEATRE.

THE representation of "Henry V." as now being performed at Booth's Theatre is a notable feature in the history of the American stage. A play filled with the choicest poetry and imagery of Shakespeare, with the added accessories of modern scenery and stage appliances, is sure to be attractive. "Henry V." is a play peculiarly adapted for the introduction of spectacular scenes, picturesque groupings, beautiful tableaux and fine scenic effects. The management at Booth's have

made the most of all these points. Over forty characters appear in the play, besides hosts of supernumeraries. In the cast of the principal parts are many well-known artists. All details of costume and scenery have been carefully attended to, and the whole play presents a picture of the stirring war-time of the fifteenth century such as has never before been witnessed in this city.

We illustrate one of the most effective scenes in the play—the embarkation of the troops for France; but we can assure our readers that they will greatly enjoy an evening at Booth's.

GENERAL JOHN B. GORDON,

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM GEORGIA.

GENERAL GORDON, the new United States Senator from Georgia, is a descendant of the Gordons of Scotland who came to this country shortly before the Revolutionary War. He was born in Upson County, Ga., on the 6th of February, 1832. At the breaking out of the late war he raised a regiment of cavalry for the Confederate service, but as that branch of the military force was not then required, he organized a body of infantry, offered it to the Governor of his State, and went into the field with his troops, who received the nickname of "Raccoon Ruffs," all the men having been raised on the Raccoon Mountain. In 1862 Gordon, as Colonel, led his men into the famous battle of the Seven Pines, during which two-thirds of his command were either killed or wounded. When General Rodes was wounded he relinquished his brigade to Gordon. The battles before Richmond and at Malvern Hill followed, and Gordon's Brigade was in the thickest of each. During Lee's march into Maryland, Gordon was the first to cross the Potomac, and, for his coolness, bravery and skill, was highly complimented by Generals Rodes and Hill. He also achieved great distinction at Sharpsburg, where his regiment occupied the salient in the Confederate line. He was wounded five times during the engagement, and but for the heroic attentions of his wife would have died. In speaking of this battle, General Hill called Gordon the Chevalier Bayard of the army, a character given the lamented Kearney on the Federal side. Upon recovering, Gordon was made a Brigadier-general, and invested with the command of the Georgia Brigade. A month later he was in command at Marye's Hill, in front of Fredericksburg, where he captured the heights by a brilliant charge. In 1864 he won his richest laurels on the stormy lines of the Rapidan. The Confederate troops had been obliged to retreat after a long engagement. Gordon saw the condition of affairs, and suddenly turning his men he charged upon the Federal troops, broke their line, and captured an entire regiment. Immediately after entering York, he met a large body of excited women, and made them as gallant a speech as was ever spoken by a conqueror, concluding with the assurance: "I pledge you that not one private dwelling will be burned or robbed. So well do I know these men, I can safely promise the head of any one of them who insults a lady."

In 1867 General Gordon was the Democratic candidate for Governor of Georgia; his party claimed his election by a large majority, but his opponent, Rufus H. Bullock, was declared elected. He was a member of the National Democratic Convention of 1868 from Georgia, and a delegate-at-large to the Convention of 1872. He was elected to the United States Senate in that year, and took

his seat in March following, succeeding Joshua Hill, Republican. General Gordon is one of the most remarkable men in that body, and will be sure to take an advanced position upon all questions affecting the honor and prosperity of the country. He is a true representative of the intelligence and integrity of the South.



GENERAL JOHN B. GORDON, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM GEORGIA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SMITH & NOTES, ATLANTA, GA.



THE LATE HON. JAMES BUFFINGTON, OF MASSACHUSETTS, MEMBER OF THE FORTY-THIRD CONGRESS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY DILLON, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE LATE JAMES BUFFINGTON, M.C.

IT will be remembered that so much business was crowded into the last hours of the Forty-third Congress that all-day and all-night sessions were necessary. To the severe strain of this continuous labor James Buffington, a representative from Massachusetts, succumbed. Leaving Washington for a few days of rest, he reached his home at Fall River on Sunday morning, March 7th, and an hour later he died.

He was born at Fall River, March 16th, 1817, and, after attending the Friends' College at Providence, he studied medicine, but never practiced. Subsequently he engaged in mercantile pursuits, and became quite wealthy. He was elected Mayor of Fall River in 1851, and served two years. When the war broke out, he entered most enthusiastically into the work of raising troops for the Federal armies, and went into the field as a private after refusing commissions of various ranks. In 1867 President Johnson appointed Mr. Buffington a Col-

lector of Internal Revenue. His first service at the National Capital was in the Thirty-fifth Congress. He was also elected to the Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh; then, skipping three, he again took a seat, and remained to the period of his death. Some weeks ago his health failed, and for the first time during his fourteen years' service he missed the call of the roll. He was a faithful representative, and a man of high culture and liberal thought.

SKETCHES IN A LIGHTHOUSE.

ACCORDING to an official report, there were 641 light stations on the coasts of the United States in 1873, of which 620 were lighthouses and 21 lightships. The lights are divided into six kinds. Those of the first order are to give warning of the approach to land, and are supplied with apparatus that throws a beam of light to the greatest possible distance. Those of the second order mark capes and approaches to bays and sounds, and are of slightly diminished power. The third are designed for wide and intricate bays like that of the Delaware, and the fourth, fifth and sixth are used to indicate shoals, long wharves, and prominent points in harbors or rivers. The lights are again divided into classes, to distinguish more accurately localities. Some are white and fixed, others white and revolving, red and fixed, red and revolving, red and white flashing alternately, and steady white with crimson flashes at short intervals. The house at Fire Island displays a white flash, that at the Highland of New Jersey a fixed white light, the lightship in the lower bay a red light, while the lights along the piers of New York, on the ferryboats and other vessels, are lanterns of steady red, white and green.

Lighthouses are built of wood, stone, brick, wrought-iron, and of various shapes, the conical representing the majority. Lightships are constructed to withstand the fury of the elements, and are anchored, in several instances, many miles from land. The lights are displayed from the mastheads,



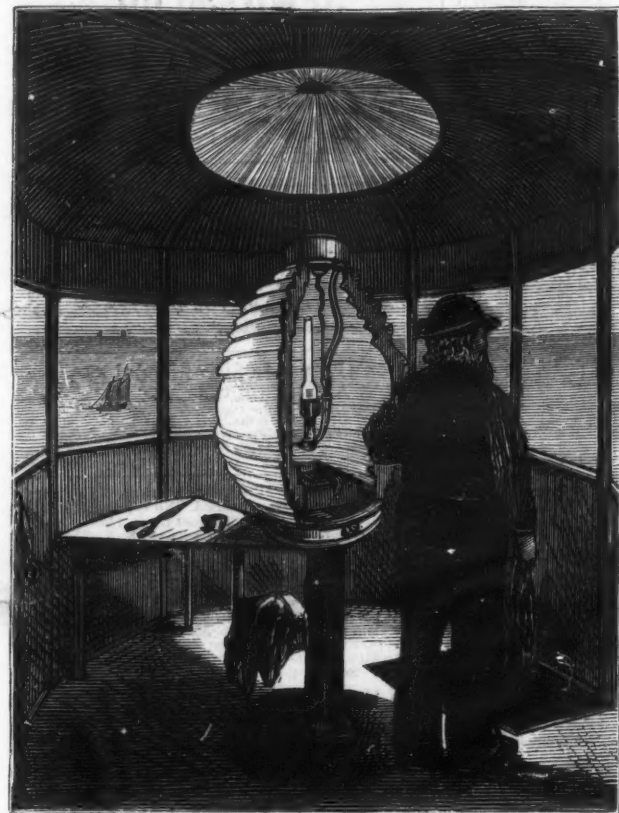
EASTERN POINT LIGHT, CAPE ANN, EAST GLOUCESTER, MASS.

Transatlantic Company furnished the electric light to two of its vessels, the *Periere* and *St. Laurent*, but it was abandoned before a thorough test had been accomplished. There are many places along our coast lines fully as dangerous as the Lizard Point, where the Trinity Board will introduce the plan, and, effective as our system now is, greater advantage would be secured by adopting the electric light, with very large parabolic reflectors.

Our illustrations give an accurate idea of the workings of the lighthouse on Thatcher's Island, Cape Ann, Massachusetts, near Gloucester. This is one of the best ports on the coast, is large, safe, easy of access, and is well adapted to the wants of the New England fishery, nearly all the vessels making the harbor their rendezvous. A covered passage-way leads from the lighthouse to the building where the fog-bell is suspended.

The sketch in the summit of the tower, where the lamp is located, shows the style of lantern in use in many of the houses, with the argand burner. The lamps are lit at sunset, and extinguished at sunrise, and continual care is required to keep the place free of moisture, snow and oil, so that the illuminating power be not diminished.

The life of a keeper is monotonous in the extreme, and the pay is very small, varying from \$500 to \$1,000 per annum. In several of the large houses there are accommodations for the keeper's family, whose exercise is confined to pacing up and down a narrow room, or taking a row when the sea is quiet. They are deprived of the delightful promenades in Central Park, of the waters of Saratoga, of the incomprehensible diet of metropolitan restaurants, of the theatre, opera, grand openings of millinery stores, and the opportunity to examine the operation of the Civil Rights Law. Their lives



THE INTERIOR OF EASTERN POINT LIGHTHOUSE.

and are produced by the reflection of rays emitted by lamps of various patterns. Lamps are hung on what are termed "gimbals," to prevent their position being seriously affected by the tossing of the vessel.

Both lighthouses and lightships are furnished with either fog-bells or fog-horns. The former are operated by clock-work, as shown in the engraving. As the scape-wheel revolves, a tooth comes in contact with the pallet of one arm, giving this an upward impulse; this brings the other arm down between two teeth, and checks the scape-wheel going further, until the swing of the pendulum in the other direction carries the pallet out. This swinging of the pendulum causes the striking of the bell, the interval of blows being regulated by the arrangement of the teeth. Fog-horns and whistles may be operated by steam, hot air, or a simple atmospheric pressure.

The method of illumination has changed very materially during the century. At one time, wood and coal were used; in the next period, candles; then followed in turn oil, gas, and an electric current acting upon carbon points.

In fixed lights there is a reflector for each lamp or burner; in revolving lights the reflectors are arranged so that the axes of all of them on one face are parallel, there being two, three, and four faces, according to the interval desired between the flashes. The lamps used with the reflectors are generally fountain-lamps, fitted with argand burners. In late years the Fresnel lens has been adopted in place of the reflector system.

We have frequently urged the employment of the electric current by our Lighthouse Board, and have been gratified to learn that the Trinity Board, which controls the lighthouse and lightship system of Great Britain, have decided to thoroughly test it. The only objection so far raised against the idea is the cost of maintaining it; but it will be found that according to the plans several times proposed in this newspaper the running expense can be reduced to a minimum. The benefits will be greatly augmented, as will be admitted by any one acquainted with the subject.

We claim that there should be an apparatus for generating the light at Sandy Hook, another on the bluff at Ford Wadsworth, the Narrows, a third at or near Fulton Ferry, East River, and a fourth at Canal Street, North River. From the last two points broad beams of light could be thrown across the river during a stormy or foggy night, making a clear pathway for the hundred ferryboats that are constantly crossing each other's track. The French

IN THE TROPICS.

AN occasional correspondent of the *N. Y. Times* presents refreshing pictures of his voyage from wintry New York to the tropical isles. Writing, the last day of January, on the Caribbean Sea, he says:

"I cannot find words to express the glory of these latitudes. We are sailing to-day over a sea that is like an inland lake, just dimpled with the wandering airs. The ship glides along with a gentle roll that is like the rocking of a cradle. Flying-fish rise up and skim away under a sky with scarcely a cloud, and yet so cool are we that I have made scarcely a change in my clothing. The direct rays of the sun are very hot, but we have awnings fore and aft, and the sea tempers the heat. Such a night as the one on which we left New York!—a howling north-wester, thermometer away below zero, and the spray freezing on the decks the instant it struck. But it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and, having this wind on our quarter, at 8 o'clock the next night we were abreast of the dreaded Hatteras. To the storm had succeeded a light easterly air, and the breath of the Gulf Stream was exactly like that of one of those soft April days which follow the breaking up of a hated winter. Away across the stream we headed, and all night the screw churned merrily away, taking us each moment through the stormy waters toward the balmy airs which so many poor delicate creatures on board longed to inhale. But old Neptune did not mean to let us escape so easily, and for a few hours gave us a taste of his powers of producing ground and lofty tumbling, only suddenly to open his arms and launch us into a summer sea. Then out came the reefs in the topsails, and away we went skimming fairly toward the promised land."

After sketching Nassau and its negroes, the correspondent proceeds:

"Port-au-Prince has completely destroyed all my dreams of the possibility of the black race ever being a self-supporting people. Anything more filthy, squalid, and tumble-down than the town cannot be conceived. Bare-footed soldiers, crumbling fortifications, miserable dwellings, and apparently nothing preventing them from relapsing into barbarism but the Gold-concha-like riches of the land. Coffee grows like a weed, and I am told the export duties of this port alone are \$5,000,000 per annum. Of course there are exceptions, and I have met some blacks who would be a credit to any land, but the majority of the people seem scarcely one remove from the brutes they so unmercifully beat."

We took on board yesterday some ten passengers bound for Aux Cayes and Jacmel, and one of the poor girls at this moment is not twenty feet from me, a most painful evidence of the effect of sea-sickness. She is of a light yellow color, and together with two or three others is proceeding to Jacmel under the care of a priest and three Sisters of Charity to join a pension. The priest is of the regular type. Tall, dark, and thin, with his long robe and shovel hat he looks as if he had stepped out of the 'Barber of Seville.' He is very nice, however, and I aired my little French with him for a quarter of an hour or so, and obtained quite a deal of information. We rode some two or three miles out of Port-au-Prince to Bizoton, passing on our way the laundry of the town—namely, a rivulet coming down from the mountains wherein were squatted some fifty or sixty women washing and pounding clothes

with round stones. All were nearly naked, and on entirely so. They set up a song at our approach, which our driver (a Jamaica negro) said was about us. By-the-way, his costume was a sight to behold. Somebody's cast-off black frock-coat, with a great piece taken out of the back, and again sewed up to make fit; an old-battered stovepipe hat, with a dingy cockade, and one white glove, which was kept well to the fore."

This interesting letter thus concludes:

"I went on deck before daylight this morning, and before me shone the glittering Southern Cross. Seen in the silence of the night one does not wonder at the old navigators who took it as a symbol of the promised lands beyond. I wish Church could only paint the western end of Hayti, which we rounded a day or two since. Great mountains sweep grandly down to the sea, leaving just a strip of white beach, on which the surf gently breaks. Also a tropical island we passed, not over a mile in circumference, completely shaded by palm-trees, and encircled by the snowy beach and azure sea. A winter's cruise through these latitudes is the very poetry of existence, and considering the moderate cost of a thirty days' voyage (\$150), I wonder the steamers are not crowded, instead of our having the splendid ship almost to our ourselves."

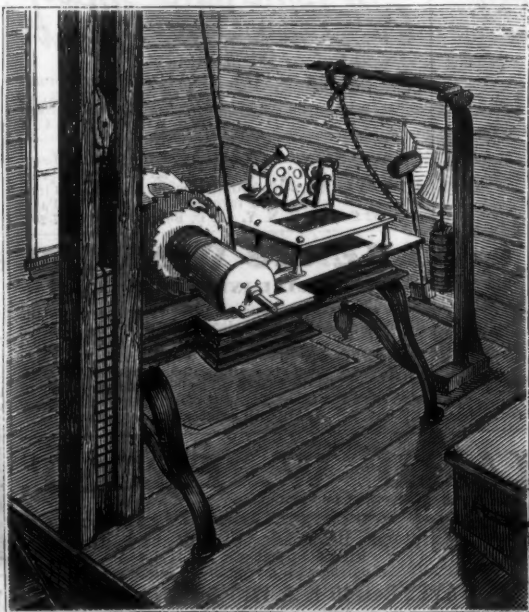
PEARLS.

THE *Messenger de Taïti*, a journal published by the authorities of the French Oceanic settlements, gives an interesting account of the way in which the pearl oyster is multiplied in the waters of the Tuamotu Islands. The development of this branch of commerce is peculiarly desirable at present, because of the great falling off in the stock of mother-of-pearl. The oyster that yields this substance may be placed either where there is or there is not a current near the coast. The best situation is that where there is a moderate one. The creature dies in calcareous sand; shingle is better, but its growth therein is slow; the same may



THE FOG-BELL AT CAPE ANN.

be said of a bottom of coarse gravel; that which should be sought for as by far the most advantageous is a coral ground; if there be none, it should be formed. For this purpose bunches of live coral, always to be found disseminated along the coast, are transported to the place selected, taking care not to leave them out of the water for more than an hour, as their inhabitants, the polypi, cannot live long in the air. The bottom of the creek chosen is then paved with them; it should not lie deeper than three feet under the surface. This done, the space thus prepared is walled in and divided in compartments for the different ages of the oysters, and also that they may be easily looked after, from time to time, by walking along the tops of the walls, since the coral bottom soon becomes impracticable for pedestrian exercise. To people this reservoir, the small oysters, not bigger than a saucer, are picked up in shallow spots along the coast, taking care not to detach the stone or other material to which they are attached, forming what



THE MACHINERY FOR RINGING THE FOG-BELL AT CAPE ANN.

are cast in one long drama, a play of life and death, where flowers never bloom and birds seldom warble. May they ever be remembered by those who prosper by their vigilance, and those who never go down to the sea in ships.



CHARLES FRIEND, THE LIGHTHOUSE-KEEPER AT EAST GLOUCESTER, MASS.

is called the byssus. They are then loosely arranged in rows, heel downwards, with the byssus turned towards the current. A twelvemonth after, the oyster, which was below the size of a saucer, will have grown to that of a plate; it then does not extend any more in diameter, but thickens, and, at the end of three years, the mother-of-pearl is found to be fit for market. When the oyster gives up its spawn to the waves, the walls above described catch it up and prevent its being carried out into the open sea; the coral branches, on the contrary, so favorable to its growth, do not oppose the slightest obstacle to its dispersion.

A WRONG CUSTOM CORRECTED.

It is quite generally the custom to take strong liver stimulants for the cure of liver complaint, and both the mineral and vegetable kingdoms have been diligently searched to procure the most drastic and poisonous purgatives in order to produce a powerful effect upon the liver, and arouse the lagging and enfeebled organ. This system of treatment is on the same principle as that of giving a weak and debilitated man large portions of brandy to enable him to do a certain amount of work. When the stimulant is withheld, the organ, like the system, gradually relapses into a more torpid or sluggish and weakened condition than before. What then is wanted? Medicines, which, while they cause the bile to flow freely from the liver, as that organ is tuned into action, will not overwork and debilitate it, but will, when their use is discontinued, leave the liver strengthened and healthy. Such remedies are found in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Purgative Pellets.

A CURE FOR LIVER DISEASE.

RURK, TEXAS, May 10th, 1873.
Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y., Dear Sir:—My wife last year at this time was confined to her bed with Chronic Liver Disease. I had one of the best doctors to see her, and he gave her up to die, when I came upon some of your medicine. I bought one bottle and commenced giving it. She then weighed 82 lbs., now she weighs 140 lbs., and is robust and hearty. She has taken eight bottles in all, so you see I am an advocate for your Medicines.

WILLIAM MEAZEL.

FROM THE NOTED SCOUT, "BUFFALO BILL."

HOLLAND HOUSE, Rockford, Ill., April 20th, 1874.
Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y., Sir:—I have now taken four bottles of your Golden Medical Discovery in connection with your Pellets, and must say that nothing I have ever taken for my liver has ever done me as much good. I feel like a new man. Thanks to your wonderful medicine.
W. F. CODY ("Buffalo Bill").

—SPRING FASHIONS.—Every lady her own dress-maker. Our Spring Catalogue, showing new and handsome designs for the wear of Ladies, Misses and Children, is now ready, and will be sent, post-free, on receipt of a three-cent stamp. Address, Frank Leslie's "Lady's Journal," Cut Paper Pattern Department, 298 Broadway, N. Y. City. A large and complete Catalogue, printed on tinted paper, and containing 99 pages, may be procured at any of our Agencies, or at the above address. Price 30 cents in paper covers, or 50 cents in cloth.

THE NAVIGATOR OF SAMOAN ISLANDS, to the powerful chiefs of which the President sent by the *Pensacola* valuable presents of firearms, ammunition and Gatling guns, are situated upon the direct steamship route from San Francisco to Australia. The harbor of Pango-pango is said to be the best in the Pacific, and a very general impression prevails that our Government desires possession of the group for a grand naval station. Colonel Steinberger, was sent there two years ago upon what was considered a secret mission; but a short time after his arrival it was reported that King Maletoa and his chiefs signed an acknowledgment of the absolute authority of the United States over all matters relating to the Islands, and a promise to adopt the common laws of our country. The group contains an area of 2,600 square miles, and an enthusiastic visitor writes: "The Creator, beholding all the most beautiful things in nature, centred them on the Samoan group."

CHEAP PRINTING PRESS.—A condensation of all the wonderment of the invention of printing can be had for \$10 from W. C. Evans, No. 50 North 9th Street, Philadelphia. He manufactures a printing press for that price which prints a form 5 by 7 1/2 inches. Nothing finer than this has been produced in years. Send a stamp for a catalogue.

Subscribers.—We have arranged with DEXMORN & Co., 915 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa., by which each subscriber to this paper is entitled to a book of choice selections from the poetical works of BYRON, MOORE, and BURNS, by sending 10 cents to the above address. [1015-27]

W. M. GILES, Chemist, 451 Sixth Avenue.—Paralysis of the limbs, the worst case I have seen in a practice of thirty years' was cured by your LINIMENT IODIDE OF AMMONIA. LEWIS H. BONE, M. D., 106 West 18th Street, Depot, 451 Sixth Avenue, New York. 50 cents and \$1 a bottle. For sale by all druggists.

The Metallic Butter Package Co. The most economical package ever offered to the trade. Circulars sent free, and all information given upon application to L. A. RILEY, Secretary, 150 Chambers St., N. Y. [1012-24]

"Boys' School." See advertisement of H. H. Post page 15. [1011-18]

10 Beautiful Decalcomania, or Transfer Pictures, with full instructions and catalogue postpaid for 10 cents. 100 for 50 cents. Easily transferred. Heads, Landscapes, Flowers, Birds, etc. Agents wanted. J. L. PATTEN & Co., 71 Pine Street, New York. [1011-23]

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Paralysis attacked the muscles of my tongue and face; was unable to articulate. **Giles' Liniment Iodide of Ammonia** cured me. **JAMES CLARK**, Builder, 103 South Fifth Ave.
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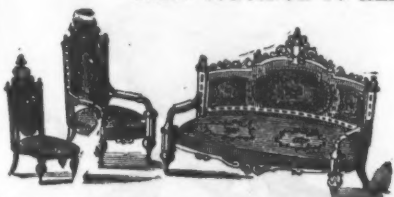
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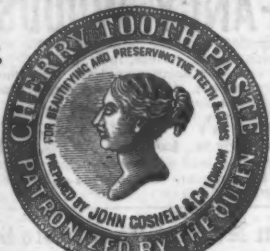
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1/4, 78, 78 1/4, 79, 79 1/4, 80, 80 1/4, 81, 81 1/4, 82, 82 1/4, 83, 83 1/4, 84, 84 1/4, 85, 85 1/4, 86, 86 1/4, 87, 87 1/4, 88, 88 1/4, 89, 89 1/4, 90, 90 1/4, 91, 91 1/4, 92, 92 1/4, 93, 93 1/4, 94, 94 1/4, 95, 95 1/4, 96, 96 1/4, 97, 97 1/4, 98, 98 1/4, 99, 99 1/4, 100, 100 1/4, 101, 101 1/4, 102, 102 1/4, 103, 103 1/4, 104, 104 1/4, 105, 105 1/4, 106, 106 1/4, 107, 107 1/4, 108, 108 1/4, 109, 109 1/4, 110, 110 1/4, 111, 111 1/4, 112, 112 1/4, 113, 113 1/4, 114, 114 1/4, 115, 115 1/4, 116, 116 1/4, 117, 117 1/4, 118, 118 1/4, 119, 119 1/4, 120, 120 1/4, 121, 121 1/4, 122, 122 1/4, 123, 123 1/4, 124, 124 1/4, 125, 125 1/4, 126, 126 1/4, 127, 127 1/4, 128, 128 1/4, 129, 129 1/4, 130, 130 1/4, 131, 131 1/4, 132, 132 1/4, 133, 133 1/4, 134, 134 1/4, 135, 135 1/4, 136, 136 1/4, 137, 137 1/4, 138, 138 1/4, 139, 139 1/4, 140, 140 1/4, 141, 141 1/4, 142, 142 1/4, 143, 143 1/4, 144, 144 1/4, 145, 145 1/4, 146, 146 1/4, 147, 147 1/4, 148, 148 1/4, 149, 149 1/4, 150, 150 1/4, 151, 151 1/4, 152, 152 1/4, 153, 153 1/4, 154, 154 1/4, 155, 155 1/4, 156, 156 1/4, 157, 157 1/4, 158, 158 1/4, 159, 159 1/4, 160, 160 1/4, 161, 161 1/4, 162, 162 1/4, 163, 163 1/4, 164, 164 1/4, 165, 165 1/4, 166, 166 1/4, 167, 167 1/4, 168, 168 1/4, 169, 169 1/4, 170, 170 1/4, 171, 171 1/4, 172, 172 1/4, 173, 173 1/4, 174, 174 1/4, 175, 175 1/4, 176, 176 1/4, 177, 177 1/4, 178, 178 1/4, 179, 179 1/4, 180, 180 1/4, 181, 181 1/4, 182, 182 1/4, 183, 183 1/4, 184, 184 1/4, 185, 185 1/4, 186, 186 1/4, 187, 187 1/4, 188, 188 1/4, 189, 189 1/4, 190, 190 1/4, 191, 191 1/4, 192, 192 1/4, 193, 193 1/4, 194, 194 1/4, 195, 195 1/4, 196, 196 1/4, 197, 197 1/4, 198, 198 1/4, 199, 199 1/4, 200, 200 1/4, 201, 201 1/4, 202, 202 1/4, 203, 203 1/4, 204, 204 1/4, 205, 205 1/4, 206, 206 1/4, 207, 207 1/4, 208, 208 1/4, 209, 209 1/4, 210, 210 1/4, 211, 211 1/4, 212, 212 1/4, 213, 213 1/4, 214, 214 1/4, 215, 215 1/4, 216, 216 1/4, 217, 217 1/4, 218, 218 1/4, 219, 219 1/4, 220, 220 1/4, 221, 221 1/4, 222, 222 1/4, 223, 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